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VARIA

BY

JOHN ASHTON

AUTHOR OF 'SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE'
'DAWN OF THE NINTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND'
'SOCIAL ENGLAND UNDER THE REGENCY' ETC.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Childhood's Drama	1
A Poor Little Prince	24
The Most Curious Church in England	59
Queen Dick	82
The Princess of Javasu	111
An Extraordinary Career (Benvenuto Cellini)	143
Pepys and Music	193

CHILDHOOD'S DRAMA

As Winthrop Mackworth Praed sang, 'I remember, I remember, how my childhood fleeted by'; but of no scene therein have I a keener remembrance than of my first stage—a present from my father—with plays all ready set up, and fit at once to give a dramatic performance. I have not the slightest doubt but that our intimate family circle might have differed materially from me as to the propriety of the gift, as it must have become an insufferable bore to them, whilst to me it was the source of pure and unadulterated enjoyment, and from the moment I was its proud proprietor I was its slave. My pocket-money was no longer my own, the all-devouring theatre, like many another belonging to grown-up men, claiming all my income; for not only were new dramas imperative, but there were

heavy expenses to be met in the way of red and blue fire, oil for the lamps, cardboard, paints, &c.

These stages can be purchased now at the toy-shops, but they are not the theatres of my youth; the occupants of the stage boxes which take up the sides of the proscenium, who used to be dressed in the style of the dawn of the century, are now modernised, and are in consequence vapid to a degree, whilst the very orchestras are tame and unenergetic, and do not perform with the fervour of bygone days, as may be seen by the head-piece, which, however, is only a portion of a very varied instrumental orchestra which partially concealed the footlights from the spectators. These footlights were tin reservoirs for oil, with six wicks requiring constant attention and trimming—a proceeding which they resented by emitting a most evil odour of oil and a dense black smoke, which condensed into good greasy smuts. Besides this brilliant illumination in front of the green glazed calico curtain, there were single-wicked lamps placed at the side, which brought into greater prominence the beauties, architectural or arboreal, of the wings; clouds hung from the top, swaying in a most natural

manner with every breeze, whilst the scenes, mounted on stout millboard, were dropped from the top through proper grooves. There were two or three trap-doors, but they were difficult to work, and, except in pantomime, were very seldom required. The stage was provided with grooved slides for the reception of the characters, but if

SUSAN WILLIAM

used they produced an unnatural effect—as, for instance, if William was on the same slide as Black-eyed Susan they must remain absolutely quiescent during the whole of their duologue, because, if William were to advance towards Susan she would retire in precisely the same ratio, and William would be no nearer to his love.

This drawback to the efficiency of the drama was obviated by having a number of independent tin slides, with long wire handles, by which means Susan might remain stationary or reciprocate William's advances and curvettings at the will of the stage-manager—besides, the poetry of motion was necessary for the other *dramatis personæ*, as, for instance, fairies, who are abhorrent and unnatural in a state of inactivity. Then there were set pieces, as Massaroni asleep, brigands carousing, &c., where no action was needed, and these had little blocks of wood glued behind them and could be left to take care of themselves.

The characters, scenes, wings, &c., were sold in sheets to suit the different sizes of the theatres, from one halfpenny each to threepence or fourpence plain, but double that price if they were coloured. No amateur could compete with the professional colourist; his best and most artistic efforts were tame and vapid in comparison, for he lacked the vivid colours of the professional, and especially was he wanting in boldness. Were it a garden scene, the colourist selected his brightest crimson lake for the roses, or he might paint them Prussian blue, which was quite as effective; whilst

the brilliancy of the green was unattainable by any combination of gamboge and Prussian blue. Nor could the amateur aspire to vie with his rival in costume. There, again, his reds were redder, his blues bluer, and although he never used many colours, yet those he did employ were always the most effective and satisfying to the eye. True, the amateur might paint some of his roses pink and shade them with red, leave some white, and paint some of delicate Maréchal Niel tint, and also he would not paint beyond the limits of the flower; but the gaudy blotches of the professional were the most telling, and took a tithe part of the time to do. As in the major theatre of grown-up life, if you, dear reader, were to try your maiden hand at scene-painting, you would make a melancholy failure, the coarse daubs of those who have made it their study, telling in front with far greater effect.

On the living stage fifty years ago, accuracy of costume was not so much studied as now, although at present some of the anachronisms seen on the boards make one shudder. So in the mimic drama there is a great sameness: the ladies generally wore the short-waisted dresses of the

Regency, and the beaux had only advanced as far as pantaloons; but this is thoroughly accounted for by the age of the plays, as we shall see later on. Scale armour and many feathers were the proper costume for a knight, until, at a later period, plate armour was introduced. This was partly owing to an art now dead, but then most extensively practised—that of *tinselling*, i.e. of covering a picture with appropriate pieces of foil, made in special moulds, with the dresses in satin or velvet. These pictures were generally reproductions of the stage characters on a much larger scale, and, for the benefit of the publishers, the dresses were much adorned with dots, which you could buy at twopence or fourpence a packet. Take, for instance, Mr. Kean as Richard III. A young tinseller would have to buy a special crown at a cost, say, of ninepence or a shilling; a special sword, say fourpence; special gloves and boots, and belt and many dots; so that a tinselled picture had an intrinsic as well as an art value. I will give a list of only a few of these to show what they were like:—

T. P. Cooke as Fid in the *Red Rover*.
„ „ William in *Black-eyed Susan*.

Mrs. Egerton as Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering.*
Mr. Grimaldi as Clown.
Mr. Keeley as Nicodemus Crowquil in *Peter Wilkins.*
Mr. Kemble as Dionitius in the *Grecian Daughter.* (Cruikshank.)
Mr. Liston as Moll Flagon. (I. R. Cruikshank.)
Mr. Munden as the Baillie in the *Maid and the Magpie.*
Miss O'Neill as Juliet. (G. Cruikshank.)
Miss Romer as Columbine. (W. H[eath].)
Mrs. Stirling as Gipsy Girl in *Guy Mannering.*
Miss Tree as Biondina in *Native Land.*
Madame Vestris as Blonda in the *Seraglio.*
Mr. Yates as the Red Rover.

This list shows that they took the portraits and dress of the best actors of the time, and that they were (some of them, at least) drawn by artists who afterwards made themselves a name. G. Cruikshank drew, for West, the characters in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Comus* in 1815, and Dighton did some excellent pantomime figures in 1812. This is not so surprising as the number of publishers of juvenile drama and the quantity of plays they produced; and to show how the tastes of the young folks of the early part of the century were catered for, I propose to give a list of plays published by one man only—and I am by no

means certain that this is an exhaustive one, but it is all I can collect.

His name was William West, and he published these plays from the commencement of 1811 to 1819 at 13 Exeter Street, Strand, when he removed to 57 Wych Street, Strand, and continued to publish there till 1832, at which time his business seems to have been taken over by S. Stokes.

1811

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
Feb. 26.	The Peasant Boy	
July 2.	Dulce Domum	Sadler's Wells
„ 30.	The Council of Ten, or the Lake of the Grotto	„
„ 31.	Macbeth	Covent Garden
Aug. 5.	Lady of the Lake	Surrey
Sept. 11.	Tyrant Saracen and Noble Moor . .	Astley's
Oct. 9.	Raymond and Agnes, or the Castle of Lindenbergh . . . . . (First acted at Covent Garden March 16, 1797)	Covent Garden
„ 29.	The Iron Chest. (By Geo. Colman, jun.) (Acted Drury Lane, 1796)	
Nov. 9.	Don Juan. Pantomime ballet, composed by Delpini; songs, duets, and choruses by Reeve; music by Gluck. (Royalty, 1787) . .	Royalty Theatre

1812

Jan. 8.	Harlequin Padanabra, or the Golden Fish	Covent Garden
Mar. 5.	Baghran Ho	Astley's
April 8.	Julius Cæsar	

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
April 17.	Old Belzebub, or Harlequin Taffy in Ireland	Astley's
May 6.	The Secret Mine	Covent Garden
„ 16.	Valentine and Orson	Surrey
July 4.	Harlequin Colossus	„
Aug. 1.	Harlequin Jack and Jill, or the Clown's Disaster	Lyceum
Oct. 5.	Spanish Patriots	
„	Johnny Armstrong	
Nov. 4.	Hag of the Lake	

1813

April 21.	Ferdinand of Spain, or Ancient Chivalry	Astley's
June 20.	Llewellyn, Prince of Wales	
Sept. 23.	The Blood-red Knight, or the Fatal Bridge	Astley's
Oct. 18.	Manfredi	

1814

Jan. 19.	Harlequin Harper	Drury Lane
Nov. 7.	Illusion	

1815

Mar. 12.	Knight of the Black Plume	
April 25.	Wallace, the Hero of Scotland	
May 21.	Comus, a Masque. (Altered from Milton by Geo. Colman) (Acted Covent Garden and Haymarket, 1772)	
„ 24.	Merry Wives of Windsor	
July 20.	Harlequin Brilliant, or the Clown's Capers	
„	Welsh Chieftains	
Oct. 27.	Romeo and Juliet	
Dec. 11.	Cymon. (Written by D. Garrick) (First acted, 1793)	Covent Garden

PUBLISHED — AS ACTED AT

1816

Feb. 7. Harlequin and Fancy . . . . . Drury Lane
Nov. 4. The Broken Sword. (By W. Dimond) Covent Garden

1817

July 1. The Libertine . . . . . .
(This play of Thos. Shadwell's appeared in 1676. Baker writing of it says: 'Indeed, it is now many years since it has been permitted to make

its appearance, except of late as a pantomime ballet of action.' The drawing of the 'Spanish Dancers' is very graceful.)
„ 22. Richard III. . . . . .

1818

Jan. 28. Harlequin and the Red Dwarf . . Covent Garden
Aug. 15. The Falls of Clyde. (By G. Soane) .
Nov. 17. El Hyder. (By W. Barrymore) . . Coburg

1819

April 7. The Forty Thieves. (R. B. Sheridan and Colman, jun.) . . . .
„ 16. Pope Joan. (Pantomime) . . . Coburg

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
May 1.	Jack the Giant-killer	Regency
„ 4.	Hamlet.	
July 9.	The Blind Boy. (By J. Kenney) . .	English Opera House
Sept. 8.	Robert the Bruce, or the Battle of Bannockburn.	
Dec. 11.	Beauty and the Beast	Coburg

1820

Jan. 14.	Dervise of Bagdad, or Harlequin Prince of Persia	Regency
Oct. 20.	The Vampire	English Opera House

1821

None published that I can find.

1822

Jan. 4.	The Coronation . . . . . (This was a facsimile of the coronation of George IV., and was first acted August 1, 1821, about 400 performers being employed. The first scene was the procession, the second the ceremonies in the Abbey, and the fourth and last was the banquet in Westminster Hall, with the Champion on horseback. Elliston played the King, and, it is said, fancied himself really so—for he wept when with outstretched arms he blessed his people.)	Drury Lane
„ 16.	The Exile. (By F. Reynolds) . . (First acted November 10, 1808, founded on 'Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia,' by Madame Cottin.)	Covent Garden
Feb. 4.	Tom and Jerry, or Life in London. (By W. T. Moncrieff)	Adelphi

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
	(Founded on Pierce Egan's 'Life in London, or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and . . . Corinthian Tom. . . .' 1821.)	
Mar. 14.	The Temple of Death	Coburg

1823

None published that I know of.

IVANHOE SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT

1824

Jan. 1.	Harlequin and Humpo	Drury Lane
„ 24.	Harlequin and the Swans . . .	Covent Garden
Feb. 8.	Horatii and Curiatii	
Mar. 25.	Montrose, or the Children of the Moor. (By J. Pocock) . . . . (Founded on Sir Walter Scott's 'Legend of Montrose.')	
„ 29.	Dog of Montargis	
„ 29.	Lolonois	

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
April 15.	Black Beard. (By J. C. Cross) . .	
„ 28.	Tom Thumb. (By Henry Fielding) . (Performed at the Haymarket, 1730)	
„ 29.	Ivanhoe. (By T. Dibdin) . . .	Surrey
„ 30.	Rob Roy. (By G. Soane) . . . (This illustration is by West himself.)	

HELEN MACGREGOR

BLUE BEARD

April 30.	The Red Witch	
May 8.	Battle of Waterloo. (By J. H. Amherst)	Davis's Amphitheatre
„ 9.	Miller and his Men. (By J. Pocock) .	
„ 14.	The Tyrant Saracen and the Noble Moor	
„ 29.	The Death of Christophe, King of Hayti	Coburg
„ 30.	Korastikan, Prince of Assassins . .	„
June 4.	Bertram. (By the Rev. C. Maturin) .	
„ 14.	The Battle of the Bridges . . .	
„ 14.	The Tiger Horde	
July 5.	Blue Beard. (By G. Colman, jun.) . (First acted at Drury Lane, 1798)	Covent Garden

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
Aug. 19.	Henry the Fourth	
„ 21.	Lodoiska. (By J. P. Kemble) . . (Acted at Drury Lane, 1794)	Surrey
Sept. 21.	Philip Quarl, or the English Hermit .	Coburg
Oct. 8.	Edward the Black Prince. (By W. Shirley) . . . . . (First acted at Drury Lane, 1750)	„
„ 25.	La Perouse, or the Desolate Island .	English Opera House
Nov. 18.	Robinson Crusoe. (By J. Pocock) .	Covent Garden
Dec. 11.	The Abbot, or Mary Queen of Scots .	

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

HALBERT GLENDINNING

1825

Jan. 3.	The White Cat, or Harlequin in the Fairy Wood. (By J. R. Planché) .	Lyceum
„ 7.	Harlequin Whittington, Lord Mayor of London	Covent Garden
April 16.	Guy Mannering. (By D. Terry) . .	
May 5.	The High-mettled Racer . . .	Astley's
„ 8.	Bonaparte's Invasion of Russia . .	Royal Amphitheatre

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
May 11.	The Brave Cossack, or the Secret Enemy	Astley's
July 3.	The Little Hunchback	
„	Telemachus. (By J. R. Planché) .	

MEG MERRILIES

WILD BOY

July 13.	The Mandarin, or Harlequin in China .	Astley's
„ 29.	Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp . .	

1826

Feb. 1.	The Casket of Gloriana . . .	Regency
Mar. 10.	Malvina. (By G. Macfarren) . .	Drury Lane
Oct. 11.	Paul Pry. (By D. Jerrold) . . .	Royal Amphitheatre

1827

Mar. 15.	The Wild Boy of Bohemia. (By J. Walker)	Olympic

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
Aug. 18.	Timour the Tartar	Covent Garden
Sept. 1.	The Old Oak Chest	
Dec. 12.	Casco Bay, or the Mutineers of 1727 .	

MUTINEERS (*Casco Bay*)

TOM COFFIN (*The Pilot*)

1828

April 9.	The Pilot, or a Storm at Sea. (By E. Fitzball)	Adelphi
Nov. 2.	The Bottle Imp. (By R. B. Peake) .	

1829

Mar. 19.	The Red Rover. (By E. Fitzball) .	
Sept. 8.	Black-eyed Susan. (By D. Jerrold) .	Surrey
Dec. 23.	The Elephant of Siam, or the Fire Fiend	Adelphi

1830

I can find none published.

PUBLISHED		AS ACTED AT
	1831	
Feb. 2.	Olympic Revels. (By J. R. Planché and C. Dance)	Olympic
„ 9.	The Brigand. (By J. R. Planché) .	Drury Lane
No date.	Death of Zanchir	Minor Theatre, Catherine St.

Here, then, we have 107 plays, all published by one firm—and this is the greatest number I

ROVER

can find. The Skelts seem to come next, and they were especially noted for their tinsel manufacture and the large theatrical portraits they published, to be thus ornamented. The firm was first of all M. & M. Skelt, 11 Swan Street, Minories; then M. & B. Skelt, of the same address; and, finally, B. Skelt, of 17 Swan Street. They engraved their

own copper-plates, and published at least fifty-three plays, because there is a list containing that number on the cover of their books of the 'Juvenile Drama.'

Then there was H. J. Jamieson, of 13 Duke Street, Bow Street, and of him I can find thirty-four plays, published between 1811 and 1820.

CHAMBER-MAID

This illustration of a chamber-maid is taken from a pantomime called *The Silver Arrow*, published by him February 15, 1819. His *dramatis personæ* are very well drawn, as the three examples given show. The two from the pantomime of *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, which was published January 30, 1820, give Mr. Bologna, as Harlequin,

in a dress similar to that now used on the stage, but Miss Tree, as Columbine, wears far longer skirts than the ballet now indulge in, and she looks more homely by wearing an apron.

I can find twenty-five plays of Hodgson & Co., who had as addresses 10 Newgate Street, 43 King

BOLOGNA

MISS TREE

Street, Snow Hill, and 43 Holywell Street, Strand, and published from 1822 to 1824. Of J. Redington and his successor, B. Pollock, both of 73 Hoxton Street, I can find twenty-six plays, fourteen of the former and twelve of the latter, and after them I have no record of the number of plays published by the following :—

Mrs. M. Hibberd, 2 Upper Carlton Street, Marylebone, 1811–1814.

H. Burtenshaw, 130 St. Martin's Lane, 1812.

J. K. Green, 1812.

G. Creed, Exeter Street, Strand, 1819.

Thos. Cristoe, 34 Drury Lane, 1819.

J. Spencer, 63 East Street, Marylebone, 1818–1821.

C. Hook, 33 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, 1820.

W. J. Layton, 10 Petty's Court, Hanway Street, Oxford Street, 1820.

J. L. Marks, 17 Artillery Street, Bishopsgate, 1814–1822. Marks also engraved his own plates, if 'Marks *fecit*' means anything, and these two villains from a plate of theatrical robbers do credit to his burin (published 1822).

THEATRICAL ROBBERS

W. Clarke, 265 High Holborn, 1821.
H. Martin, Leigh Street, Red Lion Square, 1822.
J. Smart, 35 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, 1822.

W. Cole, successor to Hodgson & Co. at 10 Newgate Street, published *Faustus* (I think,

FAUSTUS

WAGNER

in 1819), and I reproduce Faustus and Wagner as illustrative of the artist's ideas of academic dress.

J. Dyer, of Dorset Crescent, Hoxton New Town, in 1828 gives us an extremely spirited Rolla from Sheridan's *Pizarro*. J. Bailey, 2 Slade's Place,

Little Sutton Street, and 65 Gray's Inn Lane, published in 1830; W. Stokes, 57 Wych Street, in 1832; and afterwards come a few, to whom, from not dating their engravings, I am unable to affix dates.

A. Park, 47 Leonard Street, City Road.
J. Fairburn, 160 Minories.

ROLLA

F. Edwards, 49 Leman Street, Goodman's Fields.
J. Godwin, Pentonville.
B. Perkins, 40 Marshall Street, Carnaby Market.
J. Quick, 4 Duke's Court, Paviour's Alley, Union Street, Blackfriars Road.

Thus we see that in the first quarter of the entury a very large business was done in providing dramatic amusement for children, such as is

undreamed of at the present day. It is a question whether it might not be revived with advantage during the long winter nights, and if it only kept boys out of mischief and amused them, as it did me, a revival would do good, only now-a-days the scenery and characters must be of a higher style of art, as the modern boy would never stand an imp and demon such as they were portrayed in 1824.

IMP AND DEMON

QUEEN ANNE AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

A POOR LITTLE PRINCE

But two of the children of James II. lived to maturity, and they were both girls; both became Queens of England, both deserted their father in his misfortunes in order to secure their own position, and their names were Mary and Anne.

With Mary we have nothing to do. Anne was the mother of the poor little prince whose biography we shall now read; and her sorrow was great at his early death, for although seventeen

times a mother, none of her children had ever lived even the length of his short life. The details of that brief existence are full of pathos, and, besides, they show us the inner life of royalty at that period, and give a better view of the manners of the times, as far as Queen Anne was concerned, than we are likely to get elsewhere.

Naturally, when of proper age the Princess Anne was sought in marriage, and her first suitor was Prince George of Hanover, whose cause found favour in the eyes of Charles II.; but it was not to be, and he ultimately married Sophia of Zell. The predestined husband was found in Prince George of Denmark—the 'Est-il possible?' of later days—a man of no mark, whose face, as portrayed several times by Kneller, shows weakness and sensuality in every feature. He arrived in England on July 19, 1683, and, on the 28th of the same month, the Bishop of London, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, joined in holy matrimony Anne, Princess of England, and George, Prince of Denmark.

Bishop Burnet says:[1] 'The marriage that was

[1] Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Time, &c.*, ii. 881, edit. 1823, Oxford, which will be followed throughout.

now made with the brother of Denmark, did not, at all, please the nation: for we knew that the proposition came from France. So it was apprehended, that both courts reckoned they were sure he would change his religion: in which we have seen, since that time, that our fears were ill-grounded. He has lived in all respects the happiest with his princess that was possible, except in one particular; for, though there was a child born every year for many years, yet they have all died: so that the fruitfullest marriage that has been known in our age, has been fatally blasted as to the effects of it.'

Charles II. settled 20,000*l.* per annum on his niece, and gave 'the Cockpit' at Whitehall as a residence to the newly-married couple; and there they abode, happily enough. As Burnet has told us, each succeeding year brought its little babe—a fragile blossom, fated only to fade and die almost as soon as born—until, on July 24, 1689, the subject of this memoir was born; but was never destined to grow up to manhood. The *London Gazette* of July 22 to 25 of that year gives the following:—'*Hampton Court*, July 24. This morning, about four o'clock, her Royal Highness the Princess *Anne*

of *Denmark* was Safely delivered of a Son; the Queen was present the whole time of her Labour, which lasted about 3 hours, and the King, with most of the Persons of Quality about the Court, came into her Royal Highness's Bed Chamber before she was delivered. Her Royal Highness and the young Prince are very well, to the great Satisfaction of their Majesties, and the Joy of the whole Court; As it will doubtless be of the whole kingdom.' And, indeed, it was a national event, for William and Mary were childless, and here was a living heir, to carry on the succession and bar the throne to James II. and his family, his birth coming, as it did, in the first year of William and Mary, the expulsion of the Stuarts being so very recent.

Luttrell,[1] in his diary, says the young prince was soon baptized. 'The 27th, in the afternoon, the young prince, son of the prince and princesse of Denmark, was christned by the Lord Bishop of London, and named William; the King and the earl of Dorset were godfathers, and the marchionesse of Hallifax, godmother; and his majestie hath been pleased to declare him duke of

[1] *A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714*, by Narcissus Luttrell, i. 564, ed. 1857. Oxford.

Gloucester.' So that this little babe, *porphyri-genitus* (born in the purple), soon became a person of distinction. The Earl of Dorset acted as proxy for the King of Denmark.

His early childhood was weakly, and great difficulty was found in providing him with a wet-nurse; many were tried, but with no beneficial result to the frail little being, until a buxom Quakeress, one Mistress Pack, was obtained; and from that time the child's health began to amend. The autumn came, and Hampton was too cold for dear baby, so my Lord Craven, having his house at Kensington Gravel-pits to spare, let it to the Prince and Princess.

And there my lord baby abode for nearly a year, except for a brief time when he stayed at Sion House, Isleworth, doubtless worshipped after his kind, especially as mamma had been so unfortunate with her previous infantile ventures; and then it was discovered that the house was too small, and that Camden House, Kensington, belonging to Mrs. Noel, or Nowell, was more commodious, and the residence was changed. And there he might be seen daily, with Dick Drury, his coachman, driving him about in a little coach which

was a present to him from the Duchess of Ormonde, and which was drawn by two wee ponies no bigger than good-sized mastiffs.

The records of his baby life are small. He had no illnesses until the spring of 1693, when he was seized with ague, and he had another attack of the same disease early in 1694, both which fits yielded to Jesuit's powder (a rough kind of quinine), administered to him by the great Dr. Radcliffe, whose munificence to Oxford still remains a lasting memorial of him. It is seriously chronicled of the baby that when he first came to Camden House he commenced to speak; and his first infantile utterances are reported to have been *Gig* and *Dy*, by which latter he was understood to identify a maid-servant; but this awakening of the power of articulation soon improved, and he could call Mistress Fortless (his dry-nurse) *Fo*; and Mistress Atkinson, *Atty*. When he grew a few months older, and could walk and speak plain, my lord would fain be a jack-of-all-trades; sometimes fancying that he would be a carpenter, sometimes a smith; so his aunt, Queen Mary, who was always very kind to him, sent him a box of ivory tools, said to have cost 20*l*.

But childish toys soon tired with him, and the military instinct of his race showed itself strongly; and now, forsooth, he would be a soldier. At two years old he was delighted with the sentinels, whom he called *Dub-a-dub*, and afterwards had an army of twenty-two Kensington boys, who came to Camden House, under their captain, a boy named Caines, and these veterans were accoutred in paper caps and were armed with wooden swords. And much honour was done the youthful warrior; for when he was but two years old the Tower guns were fired and the Royal Standard flown on his birthday—nay, Luttrell[1] tells us that, early in October 1692, 'the queen gave the duke of Glocester a sword sett with jewells of £200 value, and girt it herselfe about his waste.' On his birthday in 1693, we are told by the same authority[2] that 'yesterday, being Duke of Glocester's birthday, was observed at Cambden House with great rejoycings; and he was carried to the queen in a rich dresse.'

For some reason or other his martial ardour was kept alive and well fed, for the little fellow was allowed to hold a review of his mimic troops.[3]

[1] Vol. ii. p. 589. [2] Vol. iii. p. 144.
[3] Vol. iii. pp. 265, 266.

'6 Feb., 1794. This day, being the Princesse of Denmark birthday, the Duke of Gloucester will head his company in Hide Park; the officers have hatts and feathers, and the soldiers all red caps, and 4 little drakes for Cannon.' By which we see that his military estimates had been materially increased, both in accoutrements and in artillery.

And so very military was this youngster that, finding his childish clothes, with their stiffened bodices, interfered with the activity necessary for his position in his boy bodyguard, his mother ordered my Lady Fitzharding to let him assume the *toga virilis*, or, in other words, to put him into breeches. And so it happened that on Easter Day, 1794, his Royal Highness William Duke of Gloucester looked in the mirror, and beheld himself encased in a suit of white camlet, with silver loops and buttons of silver thread.

But he was not yet quite emancipated from the childish thraldom of dress. The villain tailor had given him stiff stays under his waistcoat, and they hurt him. Send for the wretched Hughes! and the miserable man was haled into the Royal infant's presence.

Now, his Royal Highness was, after the

manner of Royal Highnesses, a bit of a martinet; he knew the proper modes of military punishment then in vogue, and, of course, under those circumstances a *wooden horse* was indispensable to his establishment. Now, a wooden horse is not a comfortable animal to ride. It possesses the merit of simplicity, and does not show off by prancing and curvetting, but still the rider has whilst on his back an all-absorbing desire to get off. It consists of a frame supporting two planks joined at an acute angle, like an inverted V—Λ, and on this angle, or backbone, the offender is seated. No saddle nor horsecloth is allowed him, and when we consider that a musket was attached to each leg, just to keep him steady, we can understand that the ride was not an enjoyable one.

Sternly looking at the miserable tailor, the Duke ordered his bodyguard to seat him on his wooden horse, and hoisted he would have been if the united strength of the juvenile army could have compassed it; but they were not physically equal to the occasion, and, the Prince's tutor interceding for pardon for poor Hughes, the little great man was mercifully induced to rescind the sentence which he was unable to carry out.

This army was occasionally taken to Kensington (having increased from the original twenty-two to ninety, but still being only armed with wooden swords and muskets), and there the King and Queen would watch them exercise in the gardens; and King William would be very generous to the lads, and give twenty guineas to be divided amongst them, and on one occasion, when one child, six years old, performed on the drum almost as well as a real live drummer-boy, the King gave him two guineas all to his own little self. And the King would go to see him at Camden House, and there the miniature hero would get out his pasteboard fortification, which was mounted with miniature brass cannon, and would receive his monarch and uncle with a baby Royal salute, and afterwards would wheedle him to be allowed to fire off his great ordnance—the four little drakes. Nay, he offered in a most magnanimous way to lend his army to the King, who was going to Flanders.

But I am sorry to say that the young Prince's army, probably owing to the Court favour they enjoyed, became demoralised, and put on the airs of swashbucklers—little *samauri*, or two-sworded

boys. For, through favour of Mrs. Atkinson, who was his head nurse, or nursery governess, the boys used to have refreshment at different places at Kensington. But the young rascals got very rude, and, presuming on their being the Prince's guard, they used impudently to challenge men, and even assaulted innocent wayfarers on the high road, of which complaint was made.

Poor little fellow! It was good for him to have some amusement, for he was getting hydrocephalous (a deformity which his portraits tone down as much as possible), and his head was increasing to such a size that a man's hat was necessary to cover it, and fresh periwigs were always requisite. At that time he stood three feet four inches high, well proportioned, of easy carriage and full chest, with a nice oval face which glowed with a fresh colour. But, whether it was water on the brain or from some other cause, he could not go up nor down stairs without help, nor, if he fell down, could he raise himself up.

Queen Mary died, and then the Princess Anne began once more to come to Court; for there had been a coolness between the sisters, and Anne had even been deprived of her guards because of her

affection for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and it was thought, early in 1695, that little Duke William would be created Duke of York, and be given the Queen's regiment. In April and May 1695 the poor little man was ill again—still with that nasty ague about him; and this time it was a serious attack, as they had five physicians to attend to him, who dosed him with a mixture of brandy and saffron which only made him sick. But at times he was able to lie in bed and amuse himself a little with his fortification and the boy sentries, who were posted round the room.

Children were not then treated with the delicacy and attention which they now receive. There were no specialists for infantile diseases; indeed, the practice of medicine then was simply despicable and empirical, and parents held greatly by corporal punishment. So my little hero found to his cost, with reference to his occasional fits of giddiness, when he could not walk without assistance. Probably papa and mamma thought there was some little shamming in the matter, for once, when he declared he could not walk at all without two people to hold him, 'he was talked to, and asked from whence it proceeded; whether from

fright in a dream, or no? but he would give no account of it. At last, the Princess was much troubled about him. She asked him what was the matter with him? He was master, and would not stir a step without two people to hold him; which, when the Prince of Denmark observed, he carried him into a room, with the Princess, and took him to task, and shewed him a birch rod (as yet he had never been whipt), which he did not value at first, but when he was made to smart, he said he would go, if one would hold him; he was whipt again, and went well ever after.' We can admire the child's pluck under this novel and degrading punishment; but that could have been nothing to the constant effort he must have been making, and the pain he endured in order to go 'well ever after.'

Pleasanter days were, however, in store for him. Change of air was prescribed for him, and after some delay he was sent to Twickenham, where three houses were taken for him and his suite. These houses were the property of an old lady, a Mrs. Davies, aunt to my Lord Berkeley. This gentlewoman was upwards of eighty years of age, but remarkably healthy, owing to her being (so she

said) a vegetarian. This was an eccentricity in those days, but could be better understood than her utterly refusing any compensation in the way of rent, or by her taking no money for her cherries, making them a present to the Royal suite. Whilst at Twickenham, his religious education was particularly attended to.

That summer trip and quiet in the country set him up in health for a time, and great indeed must have been his pleasure when, on his return to Camden House, he found his boy sentinels all at their proper posts. This military taste was an absolute craze with him, and grew with his growth. He seemed to think that a disregard of pain was the primary lesson of a soldier's education, and one or two instances of how he bore pain may be given. Once, walking on Wormwood Scrubbs, boylike, with a pistol in his hand, he fell down, and the pistol rudely hurt his forehead; but he scorned to cry, and did not like the accident to be alluded to. On another occasion he hurt his hand seriously by knocking it against a table, but he passed it off with the observation that 'it was not like a soldier to cry.' But, still, he could occasionally amuse himself like a child, and had a puppet show all his

own, with proper figures, which were worked by his coachman, Dick Drury, and two of the footmen.

His food at this time was very plain and wholesome; breakfast consisted of milk porridge and a piece of bread and butter. His provisions came every day by a groom, from his mother's larder, and at his dinner he never had more than three dishes: generally a neck of veal or shoulder of mutton as a first course, chickens, rabbits, or fish for the second, and an apple-pie as dessert; but he was never allowed any sweetmeats. His supper was equally plain—either water-gruel with currants, or veal and chicken broth with barley boiled therein. And he was not greedy, as are some children, for, when he dined with his father and mother, he took what was given him, and never asked for aught more.

Among his toys he had a model full-rigged ship, which had been bought for him at a toy-shop in Cannon Street, which must have been of great size, as we shall hereafter see. His people humoured him with regard to his new possession, and one took a newspaper and read out, to the Duke's great delight, an imaginary paragraph:

'Arrived safe in the Downs, off Kensington Main, the ship called the Good Hope, Prince William, master, whom God preserve; she is a full-rigged ship, built in *Cannon Street Row*, in a creek bordering upon the *Port of London*, from whence she was launched, by order, and under the direction of Jenkin Lewis,[1] Surveyor-General and Engineer to his Royal Highness Prince William, Duke of Gloucester.'

So large was this ship that he used to make some of his 'army' climb up the masts, and in childish babble would tell his usher 'that when we are at sea, I will cannonade my enemies, and then lie by; so make them believe they may board us. I will send a boy up the topmast, to let fall from thence a bag of pease, so that, when the enemy come to board us, they will fall down by means of the pease, and I and my men will rush from the corners of the ship, and cut them to pieces.'

But it was aye soldiering that he thought about. In his small establishment there was tattoo regularly every night, the watchword was given, and the patrol went their rounds, as in a

[1] One of his servants.

garrison, and young Lord Churchill, the son of the great Duke of Marlborough, was by him created a lieutenant-general of his forces. Marlborough gave him a claymore, and nothing pleased the boy more than to keep the birthdays of the King, his mother and father, their wedding day, coronation day, &c., by firing off all his artillery, which now had materially increased in quantity; for besides his first battery, the four little drakes, he had four iron guns given him at Tunbridge, two more bought at Windsor, and a very fine one, made by Prince Rupert, which was a present from the Governor of Windsor Castle.

We have not heard the last of his military instrument of punishment—his wooden horse. It seems that Mistress Butt, who kept the Princess Anne's privy purse, used to buy most of his toys, and once sent by a chairman (they used sedan-chairs in those days), named Whetherby, a wooden toy representing Prince Lewis of Baden fighting the Turks. This outrage to his manhood (for he had given up toys for nearly a year) enraged him, and he had it broken to pieces, whilst the unoffending Whetherby was ordered to be brought before the boyish *militaire*. The man wisely decamped, but

was found at last in Kensington, captured, and ordered by his Royal Highness to be kept in durance all night.

In the morning he was arraigned on the charge of presuming to bring toys to the Prince, who sentenced him to be drawn about upon the wooden horse without a saddle, and with his face to the tail. This was carried into effect, and, after having had his arms pinioned and his hands bound, he was mounted on the horse, and his feet tied together under it. Then four ushers and footmen were armed with squirts of all sorts, and poor Whetherby was duly soaked from head to foot. We hear of no more toys being sent his Royal Highness. Who would have been bold enough to have presented them? Still, they were not absolutely discarded, for we hear of a large wooden horse—a real model horse—that he had, and which he would groom and litter down many times in the day, helped by his coachman and playfellow Dick Drury.

They tried to make the little fellow manly; they entered him at stag-hunting while he was on a visit to papa and mamma at Windsor; but he was not allowed on horseback—he had to go in his coach—still, he put on an appearance of being

mounted by wearing boots and spurs. The deer, by order of Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the Ranger of Windsor Park, was slightly wounded, so as to be the easier hunted, and the efforts of all were directed towards driving the deer in the direction of the Prince's coach. At last it was hunted quite close to it, and its throat duly cut. Then the Duke had to 'take say,' and pay the hunter's penalty on slaying his first deer. One of his pages stepped forward, and, dipping the palm of his hand in the deer's blood, with it smeared the cheeks of the Prince. At first he could not understand this strange treatment, but the reason for the operation having been explained to him, he heartily joined in the fun, and helped to decorate his suite and boys in the same manner.

Nor was this the only time that he worshipped St. Hubert after his manner, for my Lord Abingdon, then Justice in Eyre, came on a day, with his pack of beagles, to Windsor, and for the delectation of the Prince hunted a stag, which was duly slain; and the little Duke, who had not forgotten his former sport, would fain have had the Duchess of St. Albans and other ladies present 'take say'; but with one consent they refused, preferring to ruddle

their cheeks with other cosmetics than deer's blood.

In September 1695 Prince George and the Princess Anne returned to Berkeley House, in London, and the Duke of Gloucester went to Kensington, where the King, who was going to Flanders, paid him two visits, his young nephew assuring him that he would accompany him on his next campaign. He began to feel himself a man, and people were beginning to treat him as such. On the death of the Earl of Strafford it was rumoured that the young Prince was to have the reversion of his Garter, and so it proved, for, on a visit which the King paid to Prince George and the Princess Anne, he invited them to reside at St. James's Palace, and not only promised his nephew the vacant Garter, but that he should have his own household and a house of his own. This was promotion with a vengeance. It reads like a fairy tale, but it all came true. For on January 4, 1696, Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, called upon him and informed him that the Garter would be given him in two days' time. 'Do not the thoughts of it make you glad?' asked the Bishop. 'I am gladder of the King's

favour to me,' was the boy's reply. A chapter of the Order was held at Kensington Palace on January 6, when he was duly elected, and he was installed with very great splendour at Windsor on July 27, in the same year, on which occasion there was a grand ball given in his honour.

And a knight most loyal to his sovereign he seems to have been, for in 1696, when, in order to fix William III. more securely on his throne, the Houses of Parliament and all bodies corporate, &c., presented addresses of loyalty to his Majesty, my young Prince must not be behindhand, but sends one all to himself: 'I, your Majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause, than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.—GLOSTER.' The cockerel began to crow when pretty young. Nor did this satisfy him; he made his household and army sign another: 'We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, will stand by you, as long as we have a drop of blood.'

Although only in his seventh year this little bantam swaggered like a gamecock—indeed, he thought himself one, for his tutor, Dr. Prat, re-

buking him for his behaviour at dinner in picking up the crumbs from off the tablecloth, said, 'Sir, you pick like a chicken!' He replied, 'But, Doctor, I am a chick of the game, though!'

And no wonder he thought himself a 'chick of the game,' for everything was done to make him feel the high position he occupied. They dressed him finely: on his mother's birthday in 1696 he wore a suit of clothes the buttons and button-holes of which were of diamonds. He wore a 'George' which the King had given him, worth 800*l.*, and altogether, as he stood, his diamonds were estimated at a value of 40,000*l.*

And also, if you please, his tutor, Dr. Prat, gets the Chapel of the Savoy, and the Prince has a chaplain. *Re* this clerical portion of his household, a good story is told of the young Prince. 'He was one day at the Princess's toilet when she dressed. "Mamma," said he, "you have two chaplains, and I have but one!" "Pray," said the Princess, "what do you give your chaplain?" "I give him his *liberty*, mamma," said he.'

He went visiting with his mamma, notably at Knowle, the seat of the Earl of Dorset, and then in August he accompanied his parents to Windsor,

where they stopped six weeks, and at Christmas his Majesty made him an allowance of 20,000*l.* a year to keep a court with, appointed the Earl of Marlborough to be his governor, and Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, to be his preceptor, with four tutors under him.

The Duchess of Marlborough tells us the inner life of this arrangement, which does not redound much to King William's credit.[1] 'When the Duke of Gloucester was arrived at the age to be put into men's hands, the King insinuated to such Members of Parliament as he knew were desirous to have the Duke handsomely settled, that it would require near 50,000*l.* a year. And, at the same time, he promised other persons whom he knew it would please, that he would pay Queen Mary in France her settlement, which was also 50,000*l.* a year. And these steps he took in order to obtain an addition of 100,000*l.* a year to his civil list.'

The addition was granted, yet he never paid one shilling to the Queen; and as to the Duke, the King not only kept him in women's hands a good

[1] *An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough from her first coming to Court to the year* 1710. *In a Letter from Herself to my Lord* ——. London, 1742, pp. 116–120.

while after the new revenue was granted, but when his Highness's family was settled would give him no more than 15,000*l.* a year. Nay, of this small allowance he refused to advance a quarter, though it was absolutely wanted to buy plate and furniture, so that the Princess was forced to be at that expense herself.

But this was not all. The King (influenced, I suppose, in this particular by my Lord Sunderland) sent the Princess word that, though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants, except one, who was to be deputy governor and gentleman of the Duke's bedchamber (which was Mr. Sayers).

This message was so humane, and of so different an air from anything the Princess had been used to, that it gave her an extreme pleasure; and she immediately set herself to provide proper persons and of the most consideration for the several places. Mr. Boscawen and Secretary Vernon's son were to be grooms of the bedchamber, the sons of the Earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley were to be pages of honour, and so on.

In the meantime the King was in no haste to finish the affair of the Duke's establishment, and a little before he left England to make the campaign, told my Lord Marlborough (who was now restored to the army, and was to be Governor to the Duke of Gloucester) *that he would send a list from abroad of the servants he would have in the* Duke's *family*, not in the least regarding the former message he had sent to the Princess; which, my lord observing, took the liberty to put his Majesty in mind of it, adding that the Princess, upon the credit of that message, had engaged her promises to several persons, and that not to be able to perform those promises would be so great a mortification as he hoped his Majesty would not give her at a time when anything of trouble might do her prejudice, she being then with child. Hereupon the King fell into a great passion, and said *she should not be Queen before her time, and he* would *make the list of what servants the* Duke *should have.*

The King was so peremptory, that my Lord Marlborough could say no more, and had no expedient left but to get my Lord Albemarle to try to bring him to reason, which his lordship

promised to do; and, accordingly, he took my Lord Marlborough's list of the persons the Princess had chosen, and carried it with him into Holland. In conclusion, that list was approved, with very few alterations. But this was, without question, not so much owing to the King's goodness or my Lord Albemarle's persuasions (though I believe his lordship did take pains in this matter), as to the happy choice the Princess had made of the servants. For the King, upon cool consideration, must perceive that he could not strike out of the list a greater number than he did without hurting himself more than the Princess.

He only made my Lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be gentlemen waiters two or three persons who had served the Queen in suchlike stations, and had pensions on that account. And it was to save this money that the King did so ungentlemanlike a thing as to force the Princess to fail in some of her engagements. And he gave afterwards another remarkable proof of his good management; for, upon the news of the Duke of Gloucester's death, he sent orders, by the very first post, to have all his servants

discarded—a diligence of frugality which was surely not very decent in a king. It was by the contrivance of Lord Marlborough, assisted by Lord Albemarle, that the servants received their salaries to the quarter-day after the Duke died.

This is borne out by Burnet, who, speaking of the enormous civil list of William III. (700,000*l.* per annum), says:[1] 'It was intended to settle a Court about the Duke of Glocester, who was then nine years old. So as to enable the King to bear that expense, this large provision was made for the civil list; but, by some great error in the management, though the Court never had so much and never spent so little, yet payments were ill made, and, by some strange consumption, all was wasted.'

It is true that in January 1698 Luttrell writes that[2] 'The officers of the household for the duke of Gloucester are for the most part setled, and an apartment is assign'd for his highnesse in the pallace of St. James.' But it was not until the King was on the eve of setting out for Holland that his Majesty in Council (June 9th) declared the Earl of Marlborough as the boy's governor.

[1] *History of His Own Time*, iv. 371. [2] Luttrell, iv. 328.

William's handing over his ward to the great Duke is reported to have been both brief and flattering; said he: 'My Lord, make him but to be what you are, and my nephew cannot want accomplishments.'

And the very day (June 18) before the King sailed, he appointed Bishop Burnet as his preceptor. He, however, was a busy man, and could by no means devote the whole of his time to his Royal charge, so Dr. Willis, prebend of Westminster, was made his sub-preceptor. For services rendered to the heir-presumptive to the throne,[1] 'The Earl of Marlborough, governor of the Duke of Glocester, has 2,000*l.* per ann. salary; the bishop of Salisbury, his preceptor, 1,200*l.* per ann.; and Dr. Willis, his sub-preceptor, 400*l.*, besides their tabling.' His former chaplain and tutor, Dr. Prat, was made his almoner, at a salary of 200*l.* a year, besides being appointed to a canonry of Windsor, worth another 300*l.* annually.

Burnet, speaking of the charge with which he was entrusted, says he felt disposed[2] 'rather to retire from the Court and town than to engage deeper in such a constant attendance for so many

[1] Luttrell, vi. 406. [2] *History of His Own Time*, iv. 377.

years as this employment might run into. The King, indeed, made it easy in one respect; for, as the young Prince was to be all the summer at Windsor, which was in my diocese, so he allowed me ten weeks in the year for the other parts of my diocese. All my efforts to decline this were without effect; the King would trust that care only to me, and the Princess gave me such encouragement that I resolved not only to submit to this, which seemed to come from a direction of Providence, but to give myself wholly up to it. I took to my own province the reading and explaining the Scriptures to him, the instructing him in the principles of Religion, and the rules of Virtue and the giving him a view of history, geography, politics, and government. I resolved, also, to look very exactly to all the masters that were appointed to teach him other things.'

The lad was now getting of importance, and his military taste was indulged in a more legitimate way than heretofore, for, in July, the King gave him the command of the Dutch regiment of foot-guards; and we see in Luttrell's diary, November 17:[1] 'The King is hourly expected

[1] Luttrell, iv. 451.

from Holland; 'tis said the Duke of Wirtemberg comes over with his Majestie for some arrears due to him, as also to surrender his commission of collonel of the Dutch regiment of foot-guards, to the duke of Gloucester.' In June 1699 his Majesty, just before he left England for Holland, ordered the guards to salute the Prince, as a Prince of the blood, and appointed a horse-guard of six gentlemen to attend upon him; and, moreover, he directed that foreign ambassadors should have audience of him.

Towards the close of his brief life we have but few notices of him, and those chiefly from Luttrell's diary. Thus,[1] March 28, 1699: 'This morning the earl of Warwick and Lord Mohun were brought by the lord Lucas from the Tower to Westminster, the axe being carried before them; they are now on their tryalls on account of the death of captain Coot, which is like to last long. The King, prince, princesse, and Duke of Gloucester were there some time to see the manner thereof, as also the French ambassador.' And that he was recognised as a public character is evidenced by the following[2]—April 1699: 'The

[1] Luttrell, iv. 499. [2] *Ibid.* iv. 506.

King has given 2,000*l.* to the poor Vaudois, the princesse 500*l.*, and the Duke of Gloucester 300*l.*'

In June he went with his father and mother to Windsor, to pass the summer, and there, to commemorate his tenth birthday, was a grand ball given, and he received the congratulations of the nobility and gentry. July 24, 1699:[1] 'An extraordinary full court was yesterday at Windsor; the entertainment very magnificent upon the duke of Gloucester's birth; the like scarce known before.'

On September 27 the Royal party were to return to St. James', but they did not arrive until October 24. On November 9 he accompanied the King and his father to a review in Hyde Park, of the guards of the Duke of Ormonde, and the Earls of Rivers and Albemarle; and, on November 17, animated by the Protestantism which had been instilled into him (that day being the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth), he 'fired all his guns, and made great rejoicings.'

In December a motion was made in the House of Commons, clearly out of personal animosity, by Sir John Packington, and seconded by Sir John

[1] Luttrell, iv. 540.

Bolles, for an address to the King, to remove the Bishop of Salisbury from his position as preceptor to the Duke of Gloucester, as unfit for so great a trust, inasmuch as, some years previously, he had, in a pastoral letter, hinted that his Majesty came in by conquest. The question was fully argued on December 13, and many learned speeches were made thereon—but the motion was negatived by 173 to 133.

We are now rapidly approaching the closing scenes of his young life. All was going well; he was in high favour with the King, who, in July 1700, gave him the late Queen's apartments at Kensington, in order that the Prince might be under his personal guardianship. He was at Windsor when his eleventh birthday (July 24) took place, and, naturally, there were great rejoicings. Whether he over-heated, over-tired, or over-ate himself no one knows, but, on the morrow, he complained of a sore throat, accompanied by sickness and a headache; and a rumour got abroad that he was sick of the small-pox.

In those days, as also long after, phlebotomy was the cure-all of the medical profession, and the physicians in ordinary to the Princess knew no

better than their fellows. So poor Prince William was bled, blistered and cupped—needless to say, without any good effect—nay, he got worse, and the best advice procurable was at once obtained. The first question put by bluff old Dr. Radcliffe was to ask 'who had bled the Prince?' The family physician said that he had done so; when Radcliffe plainly told him he had killed the boy, and that he might complete his work, for he would not prescribe, as it was useless. Anne nursed him most tenderly, but all her loving attentions were of no avail, and his governor, the Earl of Marlborough, who was summoned in great haste when matters began to look serious, arrived just in time to see him die, which was on July 29, 1700.

On the first of August his body was brought in the King's barge from Windsor to the Prince's Chamber, in the House of Lords, where he lay in state from the 5th to the 9th of August. The visitors were numerous, but, to prevent overcrowding, no persons were admitted to see him but those who were dressed in mourning. The Lord Chamberlain ordered that no plays should be acted for six weeks, during which time mourning should be worn.

The Princess Anne was naturally overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her only, and much loved, son. She remained at Windsor until after the funeral, when she intended to stay either with the Earl of Rochester, at Petersham, near Richmond, or with the Earl of Marlborough, near St. Albans —but did neither.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, by torch-light, at 9 P.M. on August 10. The Duke of Norfolk (as hereditary Earl Marshal) was the chief mourner, supported by the Dukes of Ormonde and Northumberland, all three in long cloaks, with ten of the principal noblemen as assistants. The bishops, judges, heralds, and everyone of note were there, and 400 of the guards kept the way from the House of Lords to Westminster Abbey, every other man bearing a flambeau. And so the poor little fellow was laid to his rest. His mother ordered the anniversary of his death to be always kept, in her family, as a day of mourning.

From what we can learn of him, he was a good and kindly natured boy, and Burnet seems to have sincerely grieved over his loss. 'I had been trusted with his education now for two years; and he had made an amazing progress. I had read the

Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way, very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion, beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him, that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of government of every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories, and of Plutarch's lives. The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws; I talked of these things at different times, nearly three hours a day; this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter and examine the progress he had made: they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him. He had a wonderful memory, and a very good judgment.'

THE MOST CURIOUS CHURCH IN ENGLAND

About twenty miles out of London, and less than an hour's ride from Liverpool Street on the Great Eastern Railway, is the most curious church in England, and, were it situated elsewhere, or rather, were it not so near to the great Metropolis, which is so vast that its inhabitants find sufficient within it to interest them, it would be a centre of attraction in whatever county it was, and pilgrims, archæological and otherwise, would flock to it from all parts. But, because it is so near London and close to the much-frequented Forest, the vast majority of Londoners know nothing about it.

Suppose, however, the reader mentally accompanies the writer (to whom this little church is an object of the deepest reverence) on a visit to the little village—no, it is not even a village—of Greensted, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex, a place so small that the 'Post Office Directory' for 1890 only gives eight names, and its whole population, according to the census of 1881, was but 88 people.

The railway journey, after passing Leytonstone, is all too short, passing through a beautifully varied country, delightfully wooded, and quite hilly enough to dispel the average Londoner's hallucination that Essex is a flat county. Far too soon does the train stop at Ongar, the station at which we alight, and we set off at once on our visit to Greensted. A turning on the right hand, halfway between the station and Ongar Church, brings us to a stretch of springy turf, with a noble avenue of trees, and this leads direct to Greensted Hall, by the side of which is the little church.

Probably the first feeling on seeing it would be one of disappointment; a common-looking and very little village church, with a wooden tower and a shingle spire. A nearer approach elicits the

remark that the chancel is evidently a later addition, and, on coming still closer, one is forced to exclaim 'How singular! the nave is made of split trunks of trees!' Precisely so, and it is about these trees that a tale can be told. That little chantry chapel *stood there, and was composed of those self-same logs*, when, in the year 1013, it sheltered for a night the bones of Saint Edmund, king and martyr.

Illuminated MSS. of Saxon times have made us familiar with similar and larger buildings of logs thatched, and there is a number of actually existing remains of timber work; but these remains are mostly only accessory to the buildings or concealed by rubble, and cannot pretend to vie in antiquity with this wonderful specimen. Not to go into the matter deeply, but simply to show that in Saxon times wood was a material much used, we find that Edwin the King, in 627, was baptized in a wooden church, on the site of which now stands the glorious York Minster. The first church in Lindisfarne was made in 652 of sawn oak, and thatched. There was a church at Dutlinge, in Somersetshire, according to William of Malmesbury, made of wood; and the Abbey of Croyland

was made of wood and boards neatly joined together. In a Charter to Malmesbury Abbey, King Edgar says 'that he would restore the sacred monasteries, which by being composed of rotten shingles and worm-eaten boards, divine service was neglected in them.' Small wonder then, with the materials all around and ready to hand, that split logs should have formed the fabric of this little chantry chapel, which could only have been served by one priest, and he, probably, an anchorite or ankret, whose footsteps never went beyond the threshold of that building within which he had vowed to live and die; and a reason for this suggestion will be given further on.

Even if it had no historical associations, such a relic of undoubted antiquity would commend itself specially to our regard, and would be treated with great reverence and jealously preserved; but, identified as it is with the memory of St. Edmund, it becomes singularly precious.

To thoroughly understand and enjoy this little church, let us go back to the times when it was built; and, as Lydgate may be as accurate an historian as anyone else in this matter, when so much is fable, we will make occasional use of that

wonderfully beautiful MS. Life of St. Edmund, which Lydgate presented to Henry VI., and which is one of the gems in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.

St. Edmund was the son of Alkmund, a distinguished Saxon king, and of Siware, his queen, and he was born at Nuremburg in the year 841. Previous to his birth his father went a pilgrimage to Rome, and, whilst at his devotions, a celestial light appeared on his breast. This was interpreted by some to mean that he would have a son whose fame should fill the world. Of his childhood nothing is known until the arrival of Offa, King of East Anglia, on a visit to Alkmund, to whom he was related. Offa was childless, and the young Edmund won his heart; so that when the King was dying, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he called his nobles together, resigned his royal signet to them, and recommended Edmund as his successor.

Offa being buried, the nobles hastened to Saxony, where Alkmund convened his nobility, and it was settled that the boy should go to England to fill the dead King's throne. He was nearing the land (Hunstanton, in Norfolk), when

Through goddis might, when thei the lond han kauht,
This holi Edmond, of hool affeccion,
Ffro ther arryvaile, almost a bowe drauht,
He ful devouth, gan to knele doun,
And preied god first in his orison
That his comyng were to him acceptable,
And to all the land useful and profitable;
And in tokne that god herde his praier
Upon the soil, sondy, hard and drie,
Ther sprong bi myracle fyve [1] wellis clier;
That been of vertu, helthe, and remedie
Ageyn ful many straunge malladie;
Thus list the lord, of his eternal myght,
Ffirst at his londing, magnefie his knight.

For some reason or other the lad did not at once assume the government, but spent the following year in retirement at Attleborough, in Norfolk, where, instead of his counsellor making him acquainted with the laws, customs, and manners of the people he had come to govern, they allowed him to spend his time in committing to memory the whole of the Psalter. At last, according to Asser, 'the most glorious king Edmund began his reign the 25th December, A.D. 855, and was crowned and anointed King of East Anglia, by Humbert, Bishop of Hulm, on the following Christmas Day, A.D. 856, having then completed the 15th year of his age.

[1] Galfridus says twelve

The sort of education he had received would naturally unfit him for the troublous times in which he lived; and, although we hear plenty about his personal piety, we hear of nothing that he did for the welfare of his people. How he became embroiled with the Danes history says not—probably it was because such a 'niddering' was fair game; but Lydgate tells the received legend of how the celebrated Norseman, Ragnar Lodbrok, whilst hawking on the seashore, saw his pet hawk fall into the sea; how he jumped into a boat to rescue it, but was driven away from his own land, and finally cast on shore at Norfolk, where, with his hawk (which, in spite of all, he had retained), he was presented to Edmund, who hospitably received him, and gave him as a companion, owing to his love of field sports, his own falconer, Bern; and from this dates his downfall.

Probably Bern was not wicked all at once, although the poet says

> So serpentyn was the violence
> Which of this Bern sette the herte afire,
> Of fals malys, moordre to conspire.

Indeed, it was but jealousy that goaded him to commit crime :—

Cause was ther noon, sauf that Lothbrok
Was more curous, and gracious onto game
Than was this hunte, and mo beesties took,
In such practise had a grettere name.

. . . . . .

Upon a day togeder out they wente
Unto a wode sum game for to fynde,
And whil Lothbrocus no maner malis mente,
This false Bern fil on him behynde,
And cowardly, the story maketh mynde,
Slough him right ther in his furious teene,
And after hid him among the busshes greene.

Lodbrok never came home that day, nor the day after, nor the next, and

The kyng enquered ech man where he was,
And in this while, renning a great paas,
In kam his grehound, and fawne gan the king
Ffil doun to fom him, ful pitously whyning.

The dog came, three days running, for food, and continued this strange conduct until, on the fourth day, he was followed, and Lodbrok's body was found. Like the famous 'Dog of Montargis,' the hound pointed out the murderer, and Bern was condemned to be put adrift to sea in the very boat that bore the ill-fated Dane to England. A proper elaboration of the plot necessitates this boat drifting back to Denmark, and so it did; and the Danes, who knew the old Viking craft, eagerly

asked after their King, and brought Bern before Hinguar and Ubba, the dead king's sons:—

> This cursèd Bern, envyous and right fals,
> And of complexion verray Saturnyne,
> Worthi to been enhangèd bi the hals,
> Or to be rakkèd with a broken chine,
> With face pale, and tonge serpentyne,
> Reported hath in his malencolie
> How King Edmund slough Lothbrok of envye

It is possible that intense indignation prevented their inquiring into the truth of this story; at all events they acted as if they considered it true, and the two sons, conducted by Bern, and accompanied by an army of 20,000 men, set sail for East Anglia.

That they came in 865 is a matter of history; and, during the next five years, Edmund had several encounters with the Danes, with varying success, and at one time he actually drove them out of his kingdom. It was then that he unfurled his famous banner, of three gold crowns on a blue (colour ynde) ground, the meaning of which (although some take it as the arms of East Anglia) Lydgate gives as follows:—

> This other Standard feeld stable off colour ynde,
> In which off gold been notable crownys thre;
> The firste tokne in cronycle men may fynde

Granted to hym for royal dignyte,
And the second for virgynyte;
ffor martirdum the thrydde in his suffryng.
To these annexyd, ffeyth, hope, and charyte
In tokne he was martyr, mayde, and kynge.

At length, in 869, the Danes came south from Yorkshire, and plundered and burnt all the rich eastern monasteries, murdering their inmates; and in 870 Huingar took possession of Thetford, then Edmund's capital, and a battle was fought there which lasted the whole day, and even then the victory was undecided. But shortly after the battle Ubba joined his brother with 10,000 fresh troops, and Huingar sent an ambassador to Edmund, requiring his submission. His prime counsellor, Bishop Humbert, advised compliance, and pointed out how that:—

By dissymyling ye may yourself submytte
Sithe the kyngdom shal to you be reserved,
Your silff submyttyng ye may dissymyle and feyne
ffor a time til god list bet ordeyne.

'But blissid Edmond was not borne to feyne—
Yt longid not onto his roial blood'—and he would not listen to the bishop; he was prepared to die for and with his people, and he sent back an extremely heroic but very ill-advised message, and

fled to Eglesdene, now called Hoxne. The Danes pursued and captured him, and Huingar, incensed at his conduct, commanded him

ffirst to be bete with shorte battis rounde,
His body brosid with many mortal wounde.

. . . . . .

The cursid Danys of newe cruelte
This martyr took most gracious and benigne,
Of hasty rancour, bownde him to a tre
As for ther marke to shute at, and ther signe,
And in this wise, ageyn him thei maligne
Made him with arwis [1] of ther malis most wikke,
Rassemble an yrchon [2] fulfilled with spynys thikke.

. . . . . .

This mene while whan Hingwar did him se,
And saugh his body steyned al in red,
He made his knytis reende him fro the tre,
And comanded to smytyn of his hed;
But the holy martir of oo they took first heed
Requered a space to maken his praier,
And most devoutly saide as ye shal heer.

At the end of his somewhat long prayer his head was severed from his body, and the chronicler goes on to say:

Danys of despit the body ther forsook,
A glorious tresour of gret worthinesse,
But of the martyr the holy hed they took,
And bar it forth of froward cursidnesse

[1] Arrows. [2] A hedgehog.

In ta covert shrowded with thyknesse
Of thornys sharpe, the story maketh mynde,
And then they hid it that no man shulde it fynde.

Of course, the death of such a saint could not fail to be marked by a miracle of some kind, and one was duly forthcoming; for our Saviour,

Knowing that he deied for his sake,
Suffred a wolf his holy hed to take,
And to conserve it ageyn assautis alle,
That foul nor beeste sholde upon it falle.

WOLF GUARDING KING EDMUND'S HEAD

His nobles and servants hearing of his fate, went and recovered his body, but were many days before they found the head, and then another miracle was necessary.

Wyth wepyng terys, with vois most lamentable,
So as they souhte, walkyng her and ther,
Wher artow [1] lord, our kynge most agreable,

[1] 'Where art thou?'

Wher artow Edmond, shew vs thyn hevenly cher.
The hed answerde thryes, her, her, her,
And never cesid of al that longe day
So for to crye tyl they kam wher he lay.

This hevenly noise gan ther hertis lyhte,
And them releve of al ther hevynesse,
Namly whan they hadde of the hed a syhte,
Kept by a wolff forgetting his woodnesse;[1]
Al this considered they meekly gan him dresse,
To thanke our lorde knelyng on the pleyn,
ffor the gret myracle which that they have seyn.

But this was not the only miracle shown on this occasion, for the power that could thus tame the savagery of a wolf could do yet stranger things.

The folkys dide ther bysy dilligence
This holy tresour, this relik sovereyne,
To take it upp with dew reverence,
And bar it forth tyl they did atteyne
Vnto the body, and of they eke tweyne
Togidre set, god by myracle anoon
Enjoyned hem, that they were maade bothe oon.

Off ther departyng ther was nothyng seene
Atwen the body and this blissid hed,
ffor they togidre fastyned were so cleene,
Except only who sotylly took heed,
A space appered, breede of a purple threed,
Which god list shew tokne of his suffrance,
To putte his passion more in remembrance.

[1] Wildness.

It now only remains to tell about the extremely well behaved wolf, and the history would be sadly incomplete without recording what became of it. It quietly accompanied the corpse until it was entombed,

> And meekly after to woode went ageyn,
> Most doolfully, and was never after seyn.

We have another and an older metrical version of the death of St. Edmund, by Peter Langtoft, who died at the beginning of the fourteenth century:

> Elfride had a kosyn, that kyng was of scheld,
> Northfolk, and Southfolk, and Elfride, he held.
> That was Saynt Edmunde the croune that tyme bare,
> A duke of Danmark, his name was Inguare.
> Ubbe, an erle of Huneis, with that Inguar kam,
> Uppon Saynt Edmund, Northfolk he nam.
> Edmunde sent his messengers of pes tham besouht,
> Inguar sent bode ageyn that pes wild be nouht.
> Bot if he gald him the lond than he suld haf pes,
> That wild not Saynt Edmunde, the bataile he ches.
> He attired him to bataile with folk that he had,
> But this cursed Danes so grete oste ay had,
> That Edmunde was taken and slayn at the last,
> Full fer fro the body lay was the hede kast.
> The body son thei fonde, the hede was in doute,
> Up and doune in the felde thei souht it aboute;
> To haf knowing thereof, alle thei were in were,
> Till the hede himself said,—Here, here, here!

Ther thei fonde the hede is now a faire chapelle,
Oxen hate the toun ther the body felle.
Ther where he was shotte another chapelle standes,
And somwhat of that tree thei bond untille his hands.
The tone is fro the tother moten a grete myle,
So far bare a woulfe the hede, and kept it a grete while,
Unto the hede said, 'Here,' als I befor said,
Fro the woulfe thei it toke, unto the body it laid;
Men sais ther he ligges the flesch samen gede,
But the token of the wonde als a rede threde,
Now lies he in schryne in gold that is rede,
Seven yere was he kyng that tyme that he was dede.

His martyrdom took place on November 20, A.D. 870, in the fifteenth year of his reign and the twenty-ninth of his age. Probably on account of the disturbed state of the country, his body was buried in a little out-of-the-way chapel, most likely a counterpart of Greensted, at Hoxne, in Suffolk, and there it remained for about thirty-three years, when rumours were spread abroad that some blind men had been restored to sight and other miracles had been wrought at the tomb of the martyr-king. Of course, such an ignoble resting-place could no longer serve for a miracle-working corpse, and a large wooden church[1] was erected at *Betrichesworth*,

[1] Abbo Floriacensis says: 'Per maximam miro ligneo tabulata ecclesiam.'

or *Beodricsweorth*, now called Bury St. Edmund's, for the reception of the Royal body. On its exhumation it is said to have been in perfect preservation, with the head united to it, and only a red mark round the throat to mark its decapitation. Nor only so; a devout woman, named Oswyn, averred that she had long lived near the saint's place of burial, and for several years had tended the corpse, yearly cutting its hair and paring its nails, which holy relics she religiously preserved.

So in A.D. 903 the body was transferred to its more stately resting-place at Bury, and there it remained, to the great profit of its keepers, until the year 1010, when Turkil the Dane, having harried the whole of East Anglia, burnt and plundered Bury. The custodian of the Royal corpse, Egelwin or Ailwin, afterwards Bishop of Elmham, conveyed it to London, and deposited it, as some say, in Christ Church, or, as others say, in St. Gregory's, near St. Paul's; and as it passed through Cripplegate the lame recovered the use of their limbs, which fact all must believe who put their faith in Stow as a truth-telling historian. In London, however, it remained for three years and it was in the year 1013 reconveyed to its

home at Bury, passing through Old Ford, Abridge, Stapleford (where it was hospitably received by the lord of the manor, who in return was miraculously cured of an illness from which he was then suffering), *Greensted*, Dunmow, and Clare.

Dugdale, in his 'Monasticon,' quotes a manuscript, entitled *Registrum Cœnobii Sancti Edmundi*. 'Idem apud Aungre hospitabatur, ubi, in ejus memoria, lignea capella permanet, usque hodie.' 'Also he was sheltered near Ongar, where a wooden chapel, in memory of him, remains to this day.' Some might imagine from this that the chapel might have been built afterwards, but a moment's consideration will at once dispel this idea; for, should that have been the case, undoubtedly it would have been dedicated to the miracle-working saint, and then would have probably become a place of pilgrimage for having sheltered so illustrious a person; whereas it is dedicated to St. Andrew, and, being already in existence and of a most unpretending character, it has remained, luckily for us, unnoticed, and now stands, a veritable monument of Saxon times and an unique example of a really old Anglo-Saxon chapel.

That it was there when the corpse of the King

was brought that way, and that it was not hurriedly built, as some have imagined, is evidenced by the fact that the logs are carefully grooved and tongued, and fastened into sills; whereas, if it had only been a rough shelter for the night, the chapel would have been built of split logs, sharpened and driven into the ground; whilst these are worked with great care, are not absolutely half-trunks, but have a slice of the heart taken out, probably to form the roof and sills, and the inner or flat sides of the oaken or chestnut slabs (for authorities are divided as to the nature of the wood) have been carefully roughened, as if with an adze, in order to retain the plaster.

This little chantry, then, was evidently intended to be permanent, and its dimensions have never varied; its length is 29 ft. 9 in.; width 14 ft., and the walls were 5 ft. 6 in. high. It had a high-pitched roof, and was probably thatched with rushes; the east end was taken down when the chancel was added, probably early in the sixteenth century. The original beams remain. The west end was of logs of wood, and was complete, with the exception of a doorway for admission into the tower, in 1748, as an engraving in 'Vetusta Monu-

menta' (vol. ii. plate 7), after drawings by Smart Letheuillier, F.S.A., very well shows. On the same plate is a view of the church, which is almost exactly like that at the heading of this subject. A portion of this west end still remains, the rest has been *improved* away; but the north side is almost

The north side of the Church.
1748.

The west end of the Church.
1748.

in its original state, the south side having been broken into for the entrance and porch.

On the south side there are seventeen original slabs, the places of two others being filled up by modern substitutes, as the method of construction employed entirely prevented the possibility of re-

placing one of the timbers without lifting the roof-plate. This is a strong proof of its antiquity ; for when it was taken down, in 1848, to repair the ravages of that destructive beetle, the *Ptinus pectinicornis*, both plate and sill were clearly shown never to have been touched since they were first put together. Owing to that wretched little beetle, about twelve inches had to be cut off the end of each log, and a wall in brickwork raised a corresponding height. This, however regrettable, was absolutely necessary, or what we now have would not have been ours much longer; and, indeed, the restoration of the church has not done much harm.

On the north-west side of the chapel is an opening cut in one of the logs—an ankret's window, or leper's window as it was sometimes, though often erroneously, called. These curious windows are not uncommon, but they are generally on the *south-west* side of the chancel. However, there are examples of their being on the *north-west* side, and this is one of them. These little side-windows are always low down, and generally have bars and shutters; but there could have been nothing to tempt thieves in this little chantry, and this 'hagioscope' is furnished with neither. One

of the reasons of their existence, undoubtedly, was that the recluse or ankret dwelling therein might speak and be spoken to, after public service time, when the door was shut. People were fond of asking the ghostly advice of the ankret, and even confessed to him, as Richard II., before going to meet Wat Tyler in Smithfield, went to church at Westminster Abbey, 'after which he spake to the anchore, to whom hee confessed himselfe.'

But these little windows had another use. We know that in England leprosy was a fearful plague, and lepers were on no account allowed to mingle with the general population. Shunned everywhere, and, naturally, prohibited from worshipping God in company with their fellow-men, these little windows were made the means of enabling them to see, or, at all events, to hear, Mass being performed, and through them the Holy Communion could be administered to the poor diseased outcast. And that this part of the world was no freer than the rest from this fearful scourge is evidenced by the fact that at Brentwood, a very few miles off, there was a hospital for lepers, and the estate is now known by the name of 'The Spital.'

This window, as far as one can judge, must have been the ankret's sole means of light, for no one ever seems to have dreamed of desecrating these sacred logs by cutting windows in them, light having been given, when the roof was tiled, by means of dormers. The interior of the church is very plain and painfully modern; it is also so low ceiled in the nave that a tall clergyman cannot stand upright in the little pulpit, and it has no brasses, nor any monuments worth particular attention. On one of the beams is carved a rude representation of the three crowns, and the wolf watching the saint's head; but this was done at its restoration. At Hoxne Church there was a poppy-head of wolves' paws supporting a crown, and at Hoxne also was a wonderful old oak, the very tree, according to tradition, to which the martyred King was bound, and known by the name of St. Edmund's Oak. It was 20 feet in circumference, and its branches spread over a width of 84 feet. On September 11, 1848, whilst the sides of Greensted Church were lying on the ground, undergoing repair, this big oak fell, to the great grief of the surrounding inhabitants. A suggestion was made that the trunk should be examined, and an old

arrow-head was found deeply embedded in the solid wood. The annual rings in this tree showed it to be upwards of a thousand years old.

Apart from its matchless old nave, there is nothing of interest in, or about the church, or churchyard. Nicely tended, everything denotes the model parish. Its registers date back to 1588, and it is a rectory, which on every vacancy is offered to a curate of St. Botolph, Aldgate, having been so left, in the middle of the last century, by a vicar of that church, named Pratt, who purchased the living of Greensted.

QUEEN DICK

ALMOST as little known in modern times as the above title, given him by the Cavaliers, is Richard Cromwell, the nominal ruler of England from September 3, 1658, to May 25, 1659—or (both days inclusive) for 265 days; for which time he was head of the State without governing, almost without being heeded, and he gladly resigned a position for which the exigencies of the times singularly unfitted him.

He was the third son of the famous Oliver

Cromwell and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex (who were married on August 22, 1620, in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London), and was born at Huntingdon on October 4, 1626, being baptized at St. John's Church, in that town, on the 19th of the same month; so that, however circum stances compelled him in after-life to conform to the Puritan section of the community, he was, *de facto*, a member of the Church of England.

Of his childhood there is very little record, which is not surprising, as Oliver, at the time of his birth, had not even the distinction of being a member of Parliament, not having been chosen as representative for Huntingdon until 1628, so that his infantile sayings and doings passed without being chronicled, except in nursery gossip. Still, we know that he went to school, along with his elder brothers, Oliver and Henry, at Felsted, where the boys could be under the eye of their maternal grandmother. Although Lilburn writes that he held a commission in the army, there is no corroborative evidence thereof, and, being always fond of field sports, in all probability he spent the time between his leaving school and his

admission into the Society of Lincoln's Inn (May 27, 1647) in the country. We know that he did not apply himself with great diligence to the study of the law; but, being of a social and convivial turn, he indulged in the society of his fellows, not being very particular, although his father was then fighting against the King, whether they were royal partisans or the reverse.

His father, however, soon after he entered him to the law, was on the look-out for a suitable match for him—probably to settle him somewhat—and, having heard of the daughter of Richard Major, Esq., a wealthy landowner, of Hursley, in Hampshire, lord of the manor of Merdon, &c., he wrote, under date February 25, 1648, to his friend Colonel Richard Norton:

'Deare Norton, I have sent my sonn over to thee, being willinge to answere providence, and although I confesse I have had an offer of a very great proposition from a father, of his daughter, yett, truly, I rather encline to this in my thoughts, because, though the other bee very farre greater, yett I see different tyes, and not that assurance of godlynesse, yett, indeed, in fairness I confesse that which is tould mee concerning estate of Mr. M.

is more then I can looke for, as thinges now stand.'

We may suppose that Richard Cromwell went to Colonel Norton's, and was introduced to and pleased with his future bride, Mistress Dorothy Major; for, in another letter from Oliver to 'Deere Dick' (his friend Norton), dated March 28, 1648, he says he has 'mett wth Mr. Maior; wee spent two or 3 howers together, last night.' This was evidently a preliminary meeting of the high contracting parties, and afterwards they chatted over what each would do to start the young couple in life. Like two lawyers over a question of settlements, each wanted to get a trifle the best of the bargain; and ultimately Cromwell wrote (April 3, 1648) to 'Deere Norton' that he was in somewhat of a fix, and wished his good offices in the matter of landing his fish. I give it *in extenso*, because it shows that Oliver, however much he 'was once in a state of Grace,' had a very keen eye to worldly matters:

'I could not, in my last, give you a perfect account of what passed between mee and m^{r} M. because wee were to have a conclusion of our speed that morninge after I wrote my letter to

you; which wee had; and, havinge had a full enterview of one another's mindes, we parted with this, that both would consider with our relations, and accordinge to satisfactions given there, acquainte each other with our mindes.

'I cannot tell how better to doe itt, to receave or give satisfaction then by you, whoe (as I remember) in your last, sayd that if thinges did stick betweene us, you would use your endeavour towards a close.

'The thinges insisted upon were theise (as I take itt) m^r^ Maior desired 400 p annum of inheritance lyinge in Cambridge sheire, and Norfolke, to be prœsently settled, and to be for maintenance, wherein I desired to bee advised by my wife.

'I offered the land in Hampshire, for present maintenance, w^ch^ I dare say, with copses and ordinarie fells, will be, communibus annis, 500^li^ p. annum, besides 500^li^ per annum, in tennants hands houldinge but for one life, and about 300^li^ p. ann. some for two lives, some for three lives. But as to this, if the latter bee not liked off, I shall bee willing a farther conference bee had in the first.

'In point of joincture, I shall give satisfaction. And, as to the settlement of landes given mee by the par^lnt^ satisfaction shall be given in like manner, accordinge as wee discoursed.

'In what else was demanded of me, I was willing (soe farr as I remember any demand was) to give satisfaction.

'Only, I havinge been enformed by m^r^ Robinson, that m^r^ Maior did upon a former match offer to settle the mannor wherein hee lived, and to give 2000^li^ in monie, I did insist upon that, and doe desire it may not bee with difficultye; the monie I shall neede for my two little wenches, and therby I shall free my sonn from beinge charged with them. M^r^ Maior parts with nothing in prœsent, but that monie, saving theire board, w^ch^ I shoulde not be unwillinge to give them to enjoy the comfort of their societye, w^ch^ itts reason hee smarte for, if hee will robb mee altogether of them. Truly the land to be settled, both what the par^lnt^ gives me, and my owne, is very little lesse than 3000^li^ per annum, all things considered; if I be rightly informed. And a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, haveinge searched all the marques of Worcester's writings, w^ch^ were taken at Ragland,

and sent for by the par^lnt^, and this gentleman appointed by the Committee to search the syd writinges, assures mee, that there is noe scruple concerninge the title, and itt soe fell out that this gentleman whoe searched, was my owne lawyer, a very godly, able man, and my deere friend, w^ch^ I reckon no smale mercy; hee is also possest of the writinges for me.

'I thought fitt to give you this account, desiringe you to make such use of itt as God shall direct you, and I doubt not but you will doe the part of a friend betweene two friendes. I account myselfe one, and I have heard you say m^r^ Maior was entirely soe to you. What the good pleasure of God is, I shall wait: there is only rest; prœsent my service to your lady, to m^r^ Maior &c.

'I rest, Your affectionate servant

'O. CROMWELL.'

'I desier you to carrie this businesse with all privacie, I beseech you to doe soe as you love mee, let me entreat you not to lose a day herein, that I may knowe m^r^ Maior's minde, for I thinke that I may be att leizure for a weeke to attende this

businesse, to give and take satisfaction, from w^ch^ perhaps I may bee shutt up afterwards by imployment. I know thou art an idle fellowe, but prethee neglect mee not now; delay may bee very inconveinient to mee; I much rely upon you. Lett me here from you in two or 3 days. I confesse the principall consideration to mee is the absolute settlement of the mannor where he lives, w^ch^ he would doe butt conditionally, in case he prove to have noe sonn, and butt 3000^li^ in case he have a sonn. But as to this I hope farther reason may work him to more.'

Probably owing to Colonel Norton's good services, the settlements were at length arranged, and Richard Cromwell and Dorothy Major were married in 1649, shortly after the execution of King Charles I. Cromwell dearly loved his daughter-in-law, as is evidenced by his letters to Mr. Major. 'I pray tell Doll, I doe not forgett her nor her little bratt'; or, 'Love to deere Doll and the little one.' But these same letters reveal Oliver's distrust of his son, on account of his idleness. 'I have delivered my sonn up to you, and I hope you will councell him, he will neede itt.' 'As for Dick, I doe not much expect itt from him,

knowinge his idlenesse.' 'I knowe my sonn is idle, butt I had better thoughts of Doll; I doubt now her husband hath spoyled her.' 'Indeed they are both idle and worthie of blame.'

It is extremely likely that Richard preferred the life he lived at Hursley to the turmoil and factions of London and the army. Far happier was he hawking, hunting, and fishing; he loved his wife, and did not spare his money. But he was now the eldest son (his brother Robert having died in 1639, and Oliver was either killed in the skirmish near Knaresborough, in 1644, or died of small-pox), so that, when his father was made Protector, he was compelled to assume a more prominent position. In 1654 he was chosen to represent Monmouth and Southampton in Parliament; in 1655 he was made first Lord of Trade and Navigation, and in August 1656 he was returned as one of the county members for Hants, as well as the University of Cambridge.

The Protector resigned the Chancellorship of Oxford, and that University, to show their respect for him, elected Richard in his stead, and he was installed at Whitehall, July 29, 1657, having at

the same time the degree of M.A. conferred upon him by a Convocation specially convened.

Now he had to enter earnestly into public life, being sworn a Privy Councillor, and made a Colonel in the army; nor did his honours end here, for he was placed at the head of the newly-made House of Lords ('The other House,' as it was called), and had for his title 'The right honourable the Lord Richard, eldest son of his Serene Highness the Lord Protector.' This was advancement with a vengeance for a plain country squire; but he was soon to come into his kingdom. On September 3, 1658, the old lion died, his death being preceded by a violent storm (August 30). The two were taken somewhat in conjunction, and many historians unthinkingly write that Oliver died during the storm; but some verses in a contemporary Life of him, published in 1659, sufficiently disprove it:—

Upon the late Storm, and his Highness death ensuing the same.

We must resign, Heaven his great soul doth claim,
In storms as loud as his immortal fame,
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our Isle,
And trees, uncut, fall for his Funeral pile;

About his Palace there broad roots were tost
Into the Air, so Romulus was lost.
New Rome, in such a tempest mist their King,
And from obeying, fell to worshipping.

The date of his death furnished comment on some singular coincidences, as the chronicler just quoted remarks: 'For, on a third of September he was confirmed in his Protector-ship by the Parliament: on a third of September he gained, in Scotland, that famous Battel of Dunbar; and, on a third of September, he gained that great Battel of Worcester.'

In the latter part of his Protectorate he adopted almost regal state. He had his House of Lords, he created new peers, and right royally he went to his tomb. His body was taken from Whitehall to Somerset House, where it lay in state, but it was also represented, as was the wont of the time, by a waxen effigy. The lying in state is thus contemporarily described:—' . . . All these three large rooms are compleatly furnished with Escucheons of his Highness Arms, crowned with the Imperial Crown, and upon the head of each Cloth of Estate, is fixed a large Majesty Escucheon, fairly painted, and gilt upon Taffity.

'The fourth room, where both the Body and the Effigies do lie, compleatly hung with black Velvet, the roof of the said room cield also with Velvet, and a large Canopie, or cloth of Estate of black Velvet fringed over the Effigies; the Effigies it self apparaled in a rich suit of uncut Velvet, being robed first in a Kirtle robe of purple Velvet, laced with a rich gold lace, and furr'd with Ermins; upon the Kirtle is the Royal large robe of the like purple Velvet laced and furr'd with Ermins, with rich strings and tassels of Gold: his Kirtle is girt with a rich Embroidered belt, in which is a fair sword richly gilt, and hatcht with gold, hanging by the side of the Effigies; in the right hand is the golden Scepter, representing Government; in his left hand is held the Globe, representing Principality; upon the head, the Cap of Regality of purple Velvet, furr'd with Ermins; behind the head is a rich chair of Estate or cloth of gold tissued; upon the Cushion of the Chair stands the Imperial Crown set with Stones.

'The whole Effigies lies upon a bed covered with a large Pall of Black Velvet, under which is a fine Holland sheet upon six stools of Cloth of gold tissued; by the sides of the Bed of State lies

a rich suit of compleat Armour, representing his command as General,' &c. &c.

Evelyn gives us a graphic account of his view of the procession:—'Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses housed with the same; the pall held by his new Lords. Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, &c., by the heralds, in their coats; a richly caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed *cap-à-pie*, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage, they proceeded to Westminster, but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried, but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.'

And now 'Queen Dick' began to reign, but there was some slight hitch, even at the commencement. First of all, had Oliver the power to nominate his successor? and, if so, had he nominated Richard? His family, around his death-

bed, declared that during the night he did appoint Richard as his successor; but beyond their assertion there was nothing to prove it. Against it, there was a rumour abroad that, more than a year previously, Oliver had executed a secret deed in favour of his son-in-law, Fleetwood; but this could not be found. As it was not policy to weaken the State by rivalry, the Privy Council was summoned at once, and before them Oliver's chaplain, Major-Generals Whalley and Goffe, and three other persons deposed that, before he died, the Protector had appointed his son Richard to succeed him. Their story was unanimously received, and the Council hastened to congratulate Richard. He was afterwards proclaimed Protector, no one saying nay, and on September 4 he took the prescribed oath and entered on his reign.

And here began his troubles; for almost immediately came growls from the army, who wanted a fighting man such as was 'Old Noll' to be their chief, together with other grumbles. Richard staved off their complaints for a time—calling together some of the principal officers, and promising an increase of pay to the soldiery—but there were still divisions between the Parliament and the army,

and there was a woful lack of money. A Parliament was called, which met January 27, 1659, Richard opening it with a speech, in which he eulogised his father, whilst lamenting his death, recommended the arrears of the pay of the army to the careful consideration of the House of Commons, and told both Houses that the war with Spain should be vigorously prosecuted. This Parliament wrangled somewhat over the recognition of Richard as Protector, but eventually accepted it.

And 'Queen Dick' might reasonably have expected to have been settled on the throne—but the army and the Parliament were opposed to each other, and the Protector, siding with the army, dissolved Parliament on April 21. But the Republican party was too strong, and the Long Parliament was recalled. This was Richard's political death-knell; for no sooner were they in power, than they requested him to vacate Whitehall, and surrender to them the Greal Seal. The former he would not do, the latter he yielded, on May 14, to the person sent to receive it, and it was said to have been broken in pieces. But when the house at Hursley was sold to Sir William Heathcote, that staunch Royalist levelled the place to the ground, as he

would not leave one stone standing upon another of a residence which a Cromwell had used. In pulling down the house the die of a seal was found embedded in the wall, and taken to Sir William, who afterwards sold it as a Roman weight. On being cleaned, however, it was found to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.

With his fall came the inevitable caricatures, but the only two in the British Museum are not of a spiteful character. One is dated April 22, 1659, and is of Dutch or Flemish execution. It is a broadside in German and French, respectively 'Lord Richard Cromwell Schildknaep en Kuyper,' 'Mons. Richard Cromwel Tonnelier.' It represents Richard Cromwell, with a mallet, breaking open a cask, whence escapes a flight of owls, each of them bearing a candle, and most of them crying out '*King*' as they fly away. Pickleherring, the Fool, raises his hands, wondering at his folly. Against the wall is a picture of 'The Frogs and King Stork,' and another of a State Proclamation taking place in the courtyard of a mansion above the door of which is the shield of the Commonwealth; cooper's tools lie about the floor of the room.

The other is April 6, 1659, and is taken from

a very curious Black-letter Tract, entitled 'Don Juan Lamberto, or a Comical History of the Late Times, by Montelion,[1] Knight of the Oracle, &c.'

Chapter I. relates 'How *Cromwell* Soldan of Brittaine dy'd, and what befell his Son, the *Meek Knight*.

'Now had *Cromwell* the dread *Soldan of Britaine*

[1] John Phillips.

through the importunity of death, with much unwillingness, left this World, and his son *Ricardus*, sirnamed for his great valour, the *Meek Knight*, raigned in his stead. When loe! fortune having now a mind to eat sauce with her meat, resolves to gather this great *Mushrome*, and lay him in pickle. There were at that time, in *England*, many good Knights who had been greatly despised and evilly intreated by the *Soldan* in his life time, who sought all advantages to reck their most implacable malice on his Son, the *Meek Knight*, who was placed on the Throne in the roome of his Father: The chiefe of these was Sir *Lambert*, the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*; One of an eager and revengefull spirit; and, beside that, very ambitious, so that he not only sought to be revenged on the *Meek Knight* for the injuries he had received from his Father, but to make himself chiefe *Soldan* also; however, he was very slye and close, and would by no meanes discover himselfe untill that, by his faire carriage, he had won to his side many of the chiefe *Soldan's* Knights, who had him in great honour and esteem, for that they took him to be a right cunning and valorous Champion.'

The portion of the *brochure* to which the illus-

tration refers is in Chapter IX. 'How the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*, and the Knight of the *mysterious Allegories* came to the Castle of Sir *Fleetwood*, the contemptible Knight, where they met with the grim Gyant *Desborough*, and how they went all three, and pulled the *Meek Knight*, who was then chiefe Soldan, out of his Palace by night.'

'. . . Upon that, the Gyant *Desborough* stamped so hard upon the floore that you might have heard it a mile off, and swore by all his Countrey Gods that his Nephew, the *Meek Knight*, should no longer live if he refus'd to resign his *Soldanship*; the words were no sooner out of his mouth, but he drawes out a whole Cannon out of his pocket, charg'd with a brace of bullets, each weighing twenty pound, and, cocking the same, commanded the Contemptible Knight, and the Knight of the *Golden Tulep* to follow him. It was now night, and pale Cinthia had withdrawn her light from the World, unwilling to behold the treacherous actions of mortals; when they began their journey toward the Palace of the Soldan: they rode hard, and being soon arrived there, they went directly to

the Soldan's lodging, for that the Soldan's Janissaries being before corrupted, gave them free access.

'Then said the Gyant to the Soldan, proud Peacock, think'st thou to pearch over thy betters any longer? resigne thy power, thy Scepter, and thy royall Robes, and dissolve thy councell that thou keepest to plot against us, or I will take thee such a blow on the pate that I will make thy head ring noone, and send thee to the infernall shades, there to make vaine complaints to *Pluto* of thy misfortunes. With that, the Gyant *Desborough* heaved up his weighty instrument of death, on purpose to have given him such a blow as should have rent the foundations of his noddle. The *Meek Knight* was astonied at the sight, and stood for a while as one that were dumb, but seeing the danger that his braines were in, he fell on his knees before the Gyant *Desborough*, beseeching him in gentle courtesy to distressed knights, that he would spare his life, and he would submit to whatever the Gyant should command. Hereupon they disrob'd him of his apparell, and attired him in simple and base array; his armes that were lately employ'd to wield the

Scepter, they now strongly fetter'd up in Iron bolts, and so conveyed him to a desolate Dungeon which belonged unto his own Palace, where he had nothing to do but to make these sad Lamentations. "O cruel destinies" &c. &c.'

The end was now fast approaching. Poor Richard thought of flight, but was dissuaded, and still lived at Whitehall, until a most peremptory order was sent him to vacate the Palace; sweetened, however, by promising him, in case of compliance, the payment of his debts, and provision for himself and family. He was compelled to accept the inevitable, and wrote a letter, read before the House of Commons May 25, 1659, in which occurs the following:—'I trust my past carriage, hitherto, hath manifested my acquiescence in the will and disposition of God, and that I love and value the Commonwealth much above my own Concernments. . . . And as . . . I could not be active in making a Change in the Government of these Nations, yet, through the goodness of God, I can fully acquiesce in it's being made; and do hold myself obliged (as with other men, I expect protection from the present Government), so to demean myself, with all peaceableness, under it,

and to procure, to the uttermost of my power, that all, in whom I have any interest, do the same.

'RICHARD CROMWELL.'

This act of abdication was accompanied by a schedule of his debts and private property:—His father's debts at his death, since reduced to 23,550*l.*; advance to supply the soldiers with great-coats, 3,700*l.*; borrowed and lent for the supply of Dunkirk, 6,090*l.*; total, 29,640*l.* And he puts down his private resources as 1,299*l.* per annum, with an encumbrance thereon of 3,000*l.*

Parliament referred the payment of his debts to a Committee, with power to provide a suitable subsistence for him, advancing him, at the same time, 2,000*l.* for his present necessities, on condition that he vacated Whitehall within six days. In 'Fourty-four QUERIES to the life of QUEEN DICK' are the following:—

'Whether it is not convenient that the *Parliament* should settle a very considerable Revenue upon *Richard*, because he so willingly resigned the Government, when, as all the World knows, he was not able to keep it?

'Whether *White-Hall* ought not to be called the *Fleet*, because *Richard Cromwell* is in there for Debt?'

Now that Parliament had taken his debts in hand he could leave Whitehall, which was besieged by bailiffs, and he did so; but he only removed to Hampton Court, where he remained until, on July 16, Parliament resolved to pay his father's debts, and guaranteed to make up his yearly income to 10,000*l.*, giving him a lien on the Post Office; commuting the same, however, to a gift of land, worth 5,000*l.* per annum, to himself and his heirs for ever, as soon as suitable land could be found. On the faith of this, he left Hampton Court, and retired to Hursley, and so *exit* 'QUEEN DICK.'

Lampoons against him were plentiful, and it was even suggested that he was not Oliver's son at all. As we have seen, he was called the 'Meek Knight,' and he earned the *sobriquet* of 'Tumble-down Dick' from his suggested drunkenness. But it is far more probable that it took its origin from the fact that in 1657 he fell, with others, and hurt himself, when the stairs leading to the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall gave way, causing him to limp

ever after, or from a fall which he had from his horse while hunting or hawking during his Protectorate.

One or two specimens will suffice:

Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
And Fleetwood, a backslider,
These we serv'd as the rest—
But the City 's a beast
That will never cast her rider.

Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pummel,
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein:
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,
That poor Dick and his kindred turn'd footmen again.

Butler had a fling at him in 'Hudibras,'[1] and also in his 'Remains,' in the tale of the 'Cobbler and the Vicar of Bray':

Next him his son and heir apparent,
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

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[1] Part III. canto 2, lines 231-236.

What's worse, Old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vice-gerent:

He'll reign but little time, poor tool,
But sink beneath the state,
That will not fail to aide the fool
'Bove common horseman's weight.

There are two or three public-houses in England having the sign of the 'Tumble-down Dick,' and these are supposed to have been so named in derision of the unfortunate Protector.

When he was deposed, he wrote to the University of Oxford, resigning his Chancellorship, whenever it would be to their interest that he should do so, and he absolutely resigned on the very day on which the King's return was voted.

He lived in great retirement at Hursley until the Restoration, when he left for the Continent, in August 1660, his wife and infant family remaining at Hursley. Clarendon says that he fled more for fear of his debts than of the King; but, be that as it may, he was a prudent man to put the 'silver streak' between him and the Royalist party, intoxicated, as they were, by their triumph. He stayed some time in Geneva, and afterwards lived

in Paris, where he seems to have gone by the name of Clarke.

All we can gather of his twenty years' exile is from the examination of a servant of his, named William Mumford, on March 15, 1666, when 'deare Doll' wanted her husband's name expunged from a proclamation to call his Majesty's English subjects out of France. Mumford deposed to receiving a letter in London for Mrs. Cromwell, from her husband, addressed to himself. He further said that the last letter he sent to his old master was 'directed to John Clarke, at Monsieur Beauvais' in Paris, by which name the said R. C. now passeth, and doth usually change his name with his dwelling, that he may keep himself unknown beyond the seas . . . and that the estate of R. C. in right of his wife is but 600*l.* per annum, and he knoweth R. C. is not sixpence the better for being the son of his father, or [for being] the pretended Protector of England.' The fact being that he was stripped of all property voted to him by the Parliament, and all that his father had given him as a marriage portion.

Whether it was home-sickness that impelled him to return home, or whether he considered it per-

fectly safe to do so, is not known; but he did return to England about 1680, and lived very retired at Cheshunt, where he was never molested. His wife had been dead five years; his son had inherited Hursley, &c., according to will; two of his daughters were married, and a third on the point of so being —so that the poor old man came back but to a sorry home. And more than that, he had to swallow the bitter pill of filial ingratitude, for by the death of his son the reversion to the property of Hursley came to him; but his daughters refused to give it up, and offered him a small annuity out of what was his own. This even the 'Meek Knight' could not stand, and a lawsuit was the consequence. The judge before whom the case was tried commiserated the forlorn old man's condition, gave him refreshments, accommodated him with a chair in court, and insisted that he should sit covered. He decided the case in the ex-Protector's favour, reflecting very strongly on the conduct of his daughters.

Placidly, innocently, and inoffensively he passed the remainder of his days, interfering with no one, and, being quietly let alone, living for the most part at Hursley with his daughters, and, ac-

cording to tradition, on Sundays going to the parish church in the morning, and to a Baptist meeting-house in the evening. He is said to have died on July 13, 1712, at the house of his friend Pengelly at Cheshunt, but he was buried at Hursley.

He was of a very genial, kindly disposition, and even in his old age he was full of innocent pleasantry. He made himself beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and had it not been for the unfortunate greatness which was almost thrust upon him, he would only have been remembered for a generation or so as a good old country squire.

His public acts were necessarily few. The first was a proclamation continuing all in office that held the same under his father; the next was a proclamation (September 24, 1658) ordering a day of public fasting and humiliation; another, (November 25, 1658) for the better encouragement of godly ministers; again a proclamation for a day of solemn fasting and humiliation (December 16, 1658). On April 22, 1659, he issued a proclamation dissolving the Parliament, and one on the 23rd of the same month, commanding all Papists and all other persons who had been of the late

King's party, or his son's, to repair unto their places of abode, and not to remove above five miles from the same. Yet another day of solemn fasting and humiliation, to be held on May 18, and this is the sum of the acts of his brief reign. Although some coins were struck during his tenure of power, yet they were of the ordinary Commonwealth type, and not even a medal remains to record his existence.

THE PRINCESS OF JAVASU

Who would have thought she was a real live princess? Certainly she did not look like one — for princesses do not generally wear black stuff gowns with a muslin frill round the neck, nor do they, as a rule, wear black cotton shawls on their heads, nor black worsted stockings and stout leather shoes. Yet this was how the Princess of Javasu was attired. True, the cotton shawl on her head was arranged in a somewhat fanciful manner, and differently to the way it was usually worn in England, as may be seen in her portrait at the end of this history, but this of itself would hardly

lead strangers to think off-hand that she was of Royal, if foreign, descent.

However, she was so dressed when, on the evening of April 3, 1817, she entered a cottage in the village of Almondsbury, co. Gloucester, situated at the foot of the Cotswold Hills, and intimated by signs that she wished to sleep there. Country folk are naturally suspicious, and it is no wonder in this instance, for it is somewhat unusual for the average cottager to have his house invaded at night by a young woman who could only jabber an unknown language and yet wanted to sleep on the premises. So the Overseer of the Poor was interviewed, and he did what was best under the circumstances—he took her up to the great house, Knole Park, the residence of Samuel Worrall, Esq., where there was a polyglot Greek man-servant.

She did not care about going there, and when got to the house would not enter it for some time. By candle-light she was found to be about twenty-five years of age, and five feet two inches in height. Her head was small, her eyes and hair black, forehead low, nose short, complexion brunette, her cheeks faintly tinged with red, mouth rather wide, white teeth, lips large and

full, under-lip a little projecting, and her chin small and round ; her hands were clean and apparently unaccustomed to labour; she had no earrings, but had evidently worn them. The Greek servant interviewed her, but could make nothing of her language; so they emptied her pockets to see whether she had any papers, but only found a few halfpence, and, what no good princess should ever carry about with her, *a bad sixpence.* She had a small bundle with her, which was also examined, and found to contain only a few necessaries and a piece of soap pinned up in a bit of linen—rather a poor outfit for a scion of royalty.

What they were to do with this young woman was a question not to be answered off-hand, but after a consultation between Mr. and Mrs. Worrall it was determined to send her to the village inn for the night; so Mrs. W.'s maid saw her to the public-house and ordered her a good supper and a bed; but she would have no supper, yet made signs that she wanted a cup of tea, which was given her; but before she tasted it she covered her eyes with her hand and seemed to pray, and did the same over a second cup. When shown to her

bed she made signs that she preferred sleeping on the floor, but ultimately was persuaded to adapt herself to the custom of the country she was in and go between the sheets, and before retiring to rest she knelt down and seemed to say her prayers, like a 'religious and gracious' princess should.

In the morning Mrs. Worrall went to see how her *protégée* got on, and found her 'all amort,' and disconsolate, but she brightened up when she saw the change of linen which the good lady had brought her. Of course the clergyman of the parish called to see the latest addition to his flock, and he brought with him several books with pictures in them. She seemed much taken with some illustrations descriptive of China, and made her entertainers understand that she had come to this country in a ship, and not in a little boat. This was all they could get out of her, and good-hearted Mrs. Worrall took the stranger to her own house until she could find out something satisfactory about her. One or two little incidents showed how good she was. Going through the churchyard she tried the church door, and seemed much disappointed that she could not get in, and when she got to the housekeeper's room, observing some

hot cross buns (it being Good Friday), she took one, and cutting off the cross, put it in her bosom. Oh! she was a good princess! Anybody could see that.

They put a pen in her hand and gave her a sheet of paper, wishing her to write her name; but she would not, she would only call out 'Caraboo, Caraboo!' and pointed to herself, by which actions they came to the conclusion that Caraboo was her name. At dinner she would eat no animal food, nor drink aught but water; and when shown over the house she was delighted at seeing some furniture with Chinese figures thereon, and made signs that they belonged to her country.

Next day she was taken to Bristol to be examined by the Mayor, but everybody was as wise after the operation as before it, and the Princess was taken to St. Peter's Hospital in that city. There she remained three days, but, although every delicacy they could think of was procured for her, she would neither eat nor drink, nor would she sleep in a bed during the period of her stay. She was then taken to Mr. Worrall's office at Bristol, and placed under the care of his housekeeper. Here she remained ten days, and every

pains were taken to discover her language and country. At last a Portuguese from Malacca, named Manuel Eynesso, said he understood her language, and the liar said that he had found out by conversation with her that she was a person of consequence in her own country, whence she had been decoyed and brought to England against her will; that her language was a mixture of those used on the coast of Sumatra and other islands of the East. On hearing this Mrs. Worrall took her back to Knole, as it would never do to let a foreign princess be an outcast in a strange place. At Knole, a gentleman who was well acquainted with the East Indies and China took her Highness in hand, and from her signs and gestures obtained the following particulars.

Her name was Caraboo, and she was a native of the island of Javasu, wherever that may be. Her father, she said, was a person of rank, of Chinese origin, and her mother was killed in a war between the cannibals and the Malays. One day as she (Caraboo) was walking in her garden, attended by three maids, a pirate prahu, commanded by a villain named Chee-min, visited the island, and, the crew landing, they bound her hand and foot, and,

covering her mouth, bore her, together with her women, to their vessel. Her distracted parent, who was a witness to this outrage, tried to recover her by swimming after the vessel. Failing in this, he discharged an arrow at the wicked pirate; but, alas! probably owing to his disturbed feelings, his aim was not so accurate as usual, and he only succeeded in killing one of her women.

Did the proud and haughty Caraboo tamely submit to this treatment? She said, 'No.' She avenged the injury done her by killing one of the pirates with a kris and wounding another. It is possible that this intrepid behaviour made Cheemin wish to get rid of her, for, after eleven days, he sold her to the captain of a brig who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Tappa-Boo. With this gentleman she sailed the salt seas for four weeks, when they stopped at a port, which is supposed to have been Batavia, where they remained two days. After five weeks more spent upon the ocean they anchored at another port, which is thought to have been the Cape of Good Hope, where they stayed three days, and an eleven weeks' voyage brought them to Europe. About this time she was ill-used in some manner that her high spirit could not

brook, and on the first sight of land, which was some part of England, she jumped overboard and swam ashore.

She was then attired in garments more befitting her rank, having on a dress worked with gold, and a shawl of the same description. Why she did not keep her native attire she did not state; she merely, and very vaguely, said that she exchanged these beautiful clothes with an Englishwoman whose house door was painted green. This Englishwoman evidently saw that she was a stranger, and 'took her in,' for all that she got in exchange were the clothes she wore on her first appearance. Being less noticeable than on her first arrival, she wandered about the country for six weeks, when she found herself at Almondsbury.

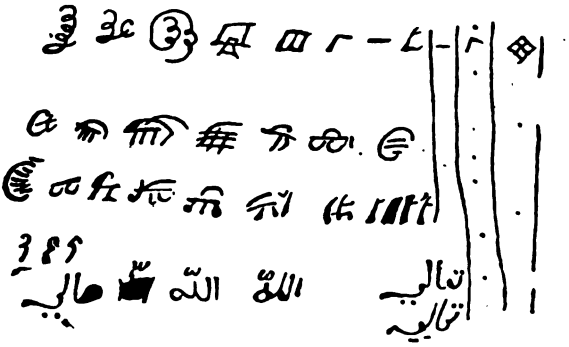
Once having begun her history, she favoured her benefactors with more. She began with her father, who must have been a mighty great man in Javasu. He indulged in polygamy, having three wives other than the dear deceased, the mother of Caraboo; he was carried in a palanquin, and, like the great Panjandrum, he had a 'round button on the top' of his cap—but this button was of gold; and to render his *tout ensemble* more 'fetching' he wore

in the aforesaid cap three peacock's feathers, and a twisted gold chain, to which was attached a square locket of amber-coloured stone, was around his neck. She described herself as wearing *seven* peacock's feathers on the right side of her head, and she made herself a dress out of some calico similar to that idealised and portrayed by E. Bird, R.A., from which the illustration at the beginning of this veracious history is taken.

She told more about her father, whose complexion was white, and whose name was Jessu Mandu. He was forty-seven years old, and a great warrior, before whom all sank on their knees, lifting their right hands to their foreheads, and musicians played to him when he ate. She was shown an idol, but expressed the utmost abhorrence of it, and made them understand that she worshipped ALLAH TALLAH, and that her mother had told her if she followed in her father's footsteps, in praying to images, she would be burnt in the fire. Oh! she was *such* a good princess!

She recognised any article of Chinese manufacture and seemed delighted at seeing it, and showed how people wrote in Javasu with a sort of reed on the bark or leaf of a tree, and how in Congee

(China), her father's country, they wrote with a camel's-hair pencil and Indian ink. For the benefit of my readers who may not have hitherto seen it, I give a sample of her writing in Javasu, premising that—no matter how she got them—she has written in Arabic the name of God, 'Allah' and 'ta'Alla' ('May He be exalted!'). The other is all rubbish.



It is worthy of note that during her sojourn both at Bristol and Knole, although closely watched in sleeping and waking, she never varied from her gibberish talk; but when she began to write and pronounce it she betrayed herself by the introduction of some gipsy words. Take her numerals: 1, Eze; 2, Duce; 3, Trua; 4, Tan; 5, Zenne; 6, Sendee; 7, Tam; 8, Nunta; 9, Berteen; 10, Tash-

man. Of these Nos. 4 and 10 are gipsy, and she used other Romany words, as *Mosha*, a man; *Raglish*, a woman; *Gosha*, a landlady; *Tance*, a halfpenny; *Win*, a penny; *Tanner*, a sixpence; *Bob*, a shilling; *Junk*, two shillings, *Bub*, five shillings; so that her patrons, if they had been 'cute enough, might have found food for wonder how a princess of Javasu had colloquial acquaintance with Romany.

She was choice in her food, and always cooked her own victuals, being partial to rice and curry, drinking only water and tea. Butcher's meat she would not touch, but having a live pigeon (or *Rampue*) given her, she cut off its head, which, together with its blood, she buried in the earth, and then cooked the remainder, and she treated fish in the same way. She was very cleanly in her habits, fond of shooting with a bow and arrows, could fence well, row a boat, and climb a tree.

But still she was not happy. Perhaps she longed for Javasu, and attempted to get there; for after remaining at Knole for about three weeks she was missing one fine morning, but returned again in the evening with a bundle of clothes, and her shoes and hands dirty. She accounted for the clothes by signs, &c., that she had dug them up from a

place where she had buried them in order that they might be in safety. Soon after this escapade she was taken very ill, but soon recovered.

On Saturday, June 6, she again decamped from Knole, and next day Mrs. Worrall heard that she was at Bath. This kind woman went after her, and found the Princess installed in the drawing-room of one of the leaders of fashion there, the said drawing-room being crowded with fashionable ladies, one kneeling before her, another taking her by the hand, and another begging for a kiss; but the moment Mrs. Worrall entered the room she rushed through the company and disappeared. She was followed, however, and somehow or other made Mrs. Worrall believe that it was only her anxiety to get to Javasu that made her attempt to escape, so she was taken once more to Knole.

But my fine daw was about to be stripped of her beautiful feathers, and the pretty little comedy she had been playing was now to be exposed.

On June 1, a Dr. Wilkinson, of Bath, had written a letter to the *Bath Chronicle*, describing Caraboo, and airing his opinion that she was a Circassian. This letter was copied into the *Bristol Journal*, and there it attracted the attention of a

Mrs. Neale, in whose house at Bristol the *soi-disant* Princess had formerly lodged, and she at once recognised in Caraboo her quondam lodger. She called upon a Mr. Mortimer, and gave him such proofs of identity that he determined to see Mrs. Worrall and tell her all about it. This he did, and his story was somewhat confirmed by a young man who had formerly known her, and who said that when he was acquainted with her the Princess was by no means averse to spirits and water.

'But I must dissemble,' thought the deceived Mrs. Worrall; and so she did, and Caraboo could not tell any difference in her protectress's manner towards her. It was arranged that next morning they were to go to Bristol and visit Mr. Bird, who was painting her very fancy portrait; but lo! they alighted at Mr. Mortimer's, where in another apartment was Mrs. Neale, who, being promptly interviewed by Mrs. Worrall, completely satisfied that lady as to the truth of her statement.

Mrs. Worrall saw the Princess alone, and told her how she had learned that she was an impostor. Caraboo would not give in without one more struggle. She began caressing her kind friend, crooning out, 'Caraboo, Toddy, Moddy' (father,

mother); but 'Moddy,' at all events, was proof against these blandishments, and threatening to have Mrs. Neale in, the cheat 'caved in,' begging that Mrs. Worrall would not cast her off, and that her father might be sent for. This Mrs. Worrall promised to do if Caraboo made a clean breast of it, telling her truly all the details of her former life, her real name, parentage, and history. And the following is the woman's confession, as taken from a contemporary biography.

That her name was MARY BAKER, that she was born at Witheridge in Devonshire, in 1791, and received no education, being of a wild disposition. At eight years of age she was employed in spinning wool; in the summer months she often drove the farmers' horses, weeded their corn, &c. From her earliest years she had always an ambition to excel her companions, whether at any particular game, playing at cricket, swimming in the water, or fishing, &c. At the age of sixteen her father and mother procured her a situation at a farm-house (Mr. Moon's, Bradford, near Witheridge). She stayed there two years, looking after children; at this place she often carried a sack of corn or apples on her back, endeavouring to do more than the

labouring men. She left that place because she had only tenpence a week; she offered to stay for a shilling. After which she returned to her father's house.

Her father and mother used her ill on account of her leaving her place, and she left them and went to Exeter, where she knew no one. Being a stranger there, she inquired for a place, having a written character with her from her late mistress, and was directed by a fishwoman, whom she met in the street, to Mr. Brooke's, a shoemaker, in Fore Street. Being a country girl, Mrs. Brooke liked her appearance very much, but was afraid that she was an apprentice that had run away from her mistress. She offered to give her 8*l.* a year if she returned to her father's house for a fortnight that she might inquire whether she was an apprentice or not, and, at the expiration of that time, she hired her. As she was expected to wash, iron, and cook, to which she was not accustomed, she only stayed there two months.

Being at this time very fond of finery, she applied the wages which she received in the purchase of clothes, and then returned to her father's house. On her return he was much hurt to see

her in white, and her mother insisted on her taking her dress off, which she would not do. She stayed at home only six days, during which time she saw her old master and mistress; but, being dressed in white, they said that she had procured it dishonestly. Knowing her innocence, and not enduring to hear this, she again decamped, and returned to Exeter, whence she wandered through different parts of the country, not knowing whither to go.

She had left her clothes at her father's, had no money in her pocket, and went begging at different houses. Some gave her a little money, some said it was a pity for such a young creature to wander about the country; others proposed taking her up as a vagabond and horsewhipping her, at which she cried very much, and was almost resolved to destroy herself. With this determination she strayed from the highway down a lane, and took her apron-strings and tied them together, and fastened them to a tree, to tie round her neck. She then heard, or fancied she heard, a voice saying, 'Cursed are they that do murder, and sin against the Lord.' She then untied the strings, and proceeded on her journey. Being very uneasy and unhappy she was crying a great deal, and at

length met with an elderly gentleman, who said, 'My pretty girl, what is the matter with you, crying so? Where are you going?' She told him her story, and the late particulars of her being about to hang herself. He was much agitated, and reasoned with her strongly about the wickedness of it, and gave her five shillings, saying, 'Go away in peace; put your trust in the Lord, and He will never forsake you.' With that money she went into lodgings, and rested herself three days at Taunton.

From Taunton she proceeded on her journey to Bristol, and pursued her plan of begging from house to house. When she got money, she slept in lodgings; otherwise in a hay-loft, and often between hay-ricks. Thus she arrived at Bristol, where, having nothing to eat, and being very hungry, she was directed to the Stranger's Friend Society, at Mr. Freeman's. Mr. Freeman asked her various questions, and the reason of her leaving her home, which she did not tell him. He gave her four shillings to get lodgings that night, and desired her to come in the morning, that he might inquire about her friends. Instead of going to him she left Bristol, as she did not wish to be discovered by her relations.

Thence she travelled on the London road, and nothing particular occurred before her arrival at Calne, where she unfortunately begged at a constable's house, who took her up to return her to her friends. He intended to take her before a justice in the morning, to swear her to her parish; but when he went out for something in a yard behind the house, she made her escape through the window. She thus proceeded within thirty miles of London, when she was taken very ill, being overfatigued, and having had bad food. Being unable to continue her journey, she sat down by a hedge, until a waggoner passed by with two women in a waggon, who said that he had seven children of his own, and did not know to what they might come; so he let her ride to London in his waggon. They offered her something to eat and drink, but, being ill, she was unable to take anything.

When they arrived at Hyde Park Corner she and the other people left the waggon, as the waggoner did not dare suffer them to ride into London. The women were unwilling to leave her, but asked her where she was going. On her saying that she knew no one, and knew not where to

go, they each took her by the arm and led her to a house, until it was dark, when they took her to the door of St. Giles's Hospital. She sat down on the step, and they left her. She remained there about a quarter of an hour, when the watchmen came. They asked her who she was, and took her to the watchhouse; but she could not reply through illness and fatigue.

They then brought Mr. Burgess, a physician attached to the hospital: he shook his head, said that she was in a very dangerous state, and ordered her into the hospital, where she remained many months insensible, in a brain fever. The doctors shaved her head and blistered it, and the nurses told her that, during her insensibility, they inquired every morning whether she was not dead. After getting better, she asked Mr. Burgess to let her go downstairs into the yard for a little air. He said she was not strong enough; but, as she persisted, he told her, if she could carry a tea-kettle that was on the fire to the end of the ward he would let her go down. The doctor did not know that the water in it was boiling; she fell down and scalded herself. After this she kept her bed for a whole month, and when she got better she was

removed into another ward, where she remained till she had strength to go out.

When it was time for her to leave the hospital, the matron and nurse asked her where she was going, and whom she knew; they spoke to a clergyman who attended the hospital, and he recommended her to some ladies, who got her a place at Mrs. Matthews', 1 Clapham Road Place; there she remained three years. Her father and mother not hearing from her all this time, the clergyman who took her out of the hospital, having asked about her friends, sent them a letter asking whether her story was true. To which an answer was returned that her father was living, and her mother very ill, through fretting about her.

Mrs. Matthews was a very good mistress to her, taught her to read, gave her religious books, and permitted her to use the books in her bookcase. Her daughter, when she came home from school, wrote letters for her to copy; she learnt very fast, spent her leisure time in reading, and made no acquaintance with anyone.

A Jew lived next door, and at length she got intimate with his cook, and they talked over the garden wall in the absence of their mistresses.

She never went out during three years, except once in three months, when she was allowed to see the clergyman (Mr. Pattenden) and the lady who got her the place. They always called her their adopted child, and as such she was introduced to anyone who was there when she called upon them.

At the conclusion of three years, there was to be a Jew's wedding, at The Horns, Kennington, and this cook asked her to go; which she resolved to do, be the consequences what they might. She asked her mistress, for the first time, for leave, which she refused, saying that, being young and inexperienced, she insisted on her not going. She felt hurt at the denial, and began to contrive means of going. Mrs. Baynes, a shopkeeper, was very intimate with the gentleman and lady who called her their daughter, and she had lately had a child. Mary Baker went out, and got a woman to write her a note, that Mrs. Baynes would be obliged by her mistress allowing her to go to the christening, which was on that day. She put it in the post, and it was received the next morning. She carried it to her mistress, and obtained leave to go, but was told to be home by eight o'clock. She dressed herself and went to the Jew's wedding, which her mistress

did not suspect, and returned at the time appointed. Her mistress said nothing that night, but the next morning asked the child's name, which Mary Baker said was Edward Francis. Mrs. Matthews inquired whether there was a large party; the girl replied in the affirmative, but coloured so much as to excite suspicion. Her mistress made inquiries, and detected the whole imposition. As she was returning she asked Mr. Pattenden to call, and when she reached home she was very angry, and scolded much; on which, fearing to see Mr. Pattenden, Mary left the house without her bonnet, and waited about, thinking he would be gone in half an hour, but he stopped all night, all which time she was in the back lane. There, in the morning, Mrs. Matthews saw her, walking up and down, and sending for her told her that staying out at night was an additional offence. Then Mary Baker took her clothes and left. She went to a widow woman who made feathers and straw bonnets, and stayed with her eight days. This woman wrote to her father for her, informing him that she had left her place, and sending him her clothes, saying that she wanted nothing, and had left England with a travelling family.

Up to this point her story has nothing of the impossible in it, but now comes something which savours strongly of romance. She said she had often observed the Magdalen, in Blackfriars Road, and, conceiving it was a nunnery, was resolved to get into it. She asked the woman with whom she lodged about it, who told her that women went there the first Wednesday of the month. She called and knooked at the door on the appointed day, where there were many young women besides. As they entered the room, their bonnets and caps were taken off. They asked her how long she had gone on in that way?—the meaning of which she did not comprehend—she said she was sorry for her faults. They talked very seriously with her, and made her cry. They told her, as she was so young, if she was truly penitent, they would take her in, which her tears prevented her from answering. Then one of them said, 'Poor thing! she is very much affected, we will admit her.' On her admission she received a piece of paper on which was written 'Admitted,' and she was ordered to deliver it in the next room. She was put into a bath, and everything being taken from her, she was clothed in the Magdalen dress, which was a stuff

gown, a white tippet, and a plain bordered cap, plaited round the face. She was there six months, and acted as a sort of housemaid. Soon after, one of the women was talking with her about her former life; on which she asked, was it possible? She replied, you are as bad as we are, or else you would not be in this house. Endeavouring, then, to vindicate herself, her companions became suspicious, and told the chaplain about her. He interrogated her; she replied that she had suddenly left her place, and came to the Magdalen; he accused her of falsehood. She told him the particulars of her leaving her situation, and she was summoned to the Board the next day, when she was expelled the Institution. They gave her her clothes, and a one-pound note which she had in her pocket when she went in.

There can be little doubt but that the tale of her subsequent life is highly tinged with romance. She thought of going home rather than take another place, but instead of doing so she said she changed her woman's clothes at a pawnbroker's for men's garments, which she wore as a protection from robbers across Hounslow Heath, and also because she thought she could get employment as

a man sooner than as a woman, but on trial she did not succeed. She then begged her way, as a man, till she reached Salisbury Plain, where she met two men on horseback, who asked her whether she had any money. She replied No, and was going to ask them to give her some. They asked her whether she would go with them, and enter into their service—viz. to look after their horses when they came home, and go out with them when they went out at night. She asked where they went to. They said, if they found her faithful, they would open the secret to her ; but, as they did not know she was a woman, she accepted the offer, determined to find out their business.

When they came home to a small house in the forest they gave her something to eat and drink, and when she had been there about half an hour four more came in. They asked whether she could fire a pistol? She told them No, she had never learnt to fire. They gave her a pistol, bidding her fire it off, and showing her how to do it, at which she was frightened. They called her a chicken-heart, and said she would not be fit for their service unless she plucked up a bold heart and courage. She fired off the pistol more dead than

alive, and screamed out that she was murdered. By this they discovered her sex, and threatened to kill her if she did not truly tell whether she came there as a spy; on which she fell upon her knees, told them everything, and begged pardon. The captain of the robbers then drew a sword, and said if she would swear by that and all the Powers above never to betray them, they would let her go free—which of course she did. They gave her a guinea and five shillings, and she went on her way.

She changed her clothes to those of her own sex, and went home; got several situations in Exeter, left them all and came up to London, where she got a place at a fishmonger's in Billingsgate. Here again is another romantic incident in her life, which must be taken *cum grano salis*. One day she went to a stationer's to get some books, and there she saw a gentlemanly looking man. When she had left the shop he asked her name, and all about her, and the people of the shop gave him all the particulars they could. That same evening she received a letter from him, and he called frequently to see her when her mistress was absent, and often met her. She left her place suddenly,

and after two months' acquaintance they were married, as she said, by a Roman Catholic priest, her husband's name being Bakerstendht or Beckerstein, which she anglicised, and used as Baker. They stopped about a month in London, and then travelled about the south-east of England, and when they came to Dover he sent her to London, and went himself to Calais, whence he promised to send for her; but he never did, and she never saw him again.

She got a situation which she kept until she was about to become a mother, and her child was taken into the Foundling Hospital, when it soon afterwards died. She took service again in London —of course leaving shortly after; went home again, got sick of that, and went strolling; met with some gipsies, stopped with them a few days, where she probably picked up the few words of Romany which she incorporated into the language of Javasu. After this she seems to have wandered about the West country, wearing a kind of turban, and passing herself off among the ignorant farmers as a foreigner, and obtaining charity as such. At last she came to Almondsbury, and from that time we know her history.

Her patroness, Mrs. Worrall, of course investigated her story, and sent a trustworthy man to her parents, whose name was Wilcockes or Wilcox, at Witheridge. They confirmed her story as far as it came within their ken, and showed letters they had received from her at various times. The good lady added to her other kindnesses to this worthless impostor by procuring her a passage to America in a vessel about to sail from Bristol to Philadelphia, and furnished her with clothes and money sufficient to last her until she obtained a situation. Three Moravian sisters, who were fellow-passengers with her, promised to look after her, and were entrusted with more money for her in case it was wanted. She, however, had gained such notoriety in the neighbourhood that she was visited by noble lords and 'by persons of all descriptions, natives and foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, craniologists, and gipsies'—all were anxious to see and converse with this female Psalmanazar. Some pitied her, some condemned her, and others upheld her. Of her being a Christian there was now no doubt, and Mrs. W.'s first wish was to have placed her in some pious family. She was, therefore, preached to and prayed by; but the visits of the

divines made no impression, as one of them said, upon her impenetrable heart. She continued under the roof of Mr. Mortimer till her departure, during which time she showed no signs of contrition for the part she had been acting, but appeared highly gratified and proud of the number of dupes and proselytes who had attached themselves to her for such a length of time. It would be unjust, however, not to except Mrs. Worrall from this general charge of want of feeling and ingratitude. She certainly did not appear insensible of her great kindness and unwearied attentions to her comfort and happiness, and the day before she sailed she left the following singular epistle, directed to Mrs. W., which is here copied verbatim:

'*friendship thou charmer of the mind thou sweet deluding ill the brightest moments mortals find and sharpest pains can feel fate has divided all our shares of pleasure and of pain in love the friendship and the cares are mixed and join again the same ingenious author in another place says tis dangerous to let loose our love between the eternal fair for pride that busy sin spoils all that we perform.*'

She stayed in America a few years, and returned to England in 1824, taking apartments

in New Bond Street, where she exhibited herself at a shilling a head; but the exhibition was not a financial success, and very little is known of her after life. She married again, and lived at Bristol, where she gained a livelihood by selling and applying leeches. She was not forgotten there, for the very children used to call after her, 'Caraboo! Caraboo!' to her extreme annoyance. She died about the close of 1864, leaving an only daughter.

There were several poems anent this young woman, but the following has the most merit. It was published in *The Bristol Mirror*.

YOUNG CARABOO—*A Parody*

(*See* 'YOUNG LOCHINVAR' in 'MARMION')

O, young Caraboo is come out of the West,
In Frenchified tatters the damsel is drest;
But, save one pair of worsted, she stockings had none,
She walk'd half unshod, and she walk'd all alone;
But how to bamboozle, the doxy well knew—
There never was gipsy like young Caraboo.

She staid not for brake, and she stopp'd not for stone,
She swam in the Avon, where ford there was none;
But when she alighted at Worralby gate,
The Dame and the Doctor received her in state;
No longer a gipsy, the club of *Bas-bleu*
To a Princess converted the young Caraboo.

So, boldly, she enter'd the Worralby Hall,
Amidst linguists, skull-feelers, blue stockings and all;
Then spoke the sage doctor, profoundly absurd
(But the sly Caraboo utter'd never a word),
'Art thou sprung from the Moon, or from far Javasu,
Or a Mermaid just landed, thou bright Caraboo?'

To these questions sagacious she answer denied—
Tho' hard was the struggle her laughter to hide—
'But, since they decree me these titles so fine,
I'll be silent, eat curry, and touch not their wine;
With this imposition I've nothing to do—
These are fools ready made'—thought the young Caraboo.

She look'd at a pigeon, the dame caught it up;
Caraboo had a mind on the pigeon to sup.
She look'd down to titter, she look'd up to sigh,
With the bird in her hand, and the spit in her eye,
She dress'd it, she ate it, she called it Rampoo—
'This proves,' swore the Doctor, 'she's Queen Caraboo.'

When she fenc'd with the Doctor, so queer her grimace,
Sure never a hall such a galliard did grace;
But her Host seem'd to fret (tho' the Doctor did fume
Should any to question her titles presume),
And 'twas currently whisper'd, the best they could do,
Was to send up to London, young Queen Caraboo.

The hint was enough; as it dropp'd on her ear,
It ruin'd her hopes, it awaken'd her fear;
So, light to the Quay the fair damsel she ran,[1]

[1] It was discovered that on her first disappearance from Knole she had gone to Bristol to try and get a passage for America.

'Oh take me, dear Captain, away if you can!'
She's aboard! She is gone! 'Farewell Doctor Rampoo;
They'll have swift ships that follow,' said young Caraboo.

There was bustling 'mid dames of the Worralby clan;
The Blue-stocking Junto, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing from Bath to the sea,
But the lost Queen of Javasu ne'er more did they see.
What a hoax on the Doctor, and club of Bas-bleu!
Have ye e'er heard of gipsy like young Caraboo?

Mary Baker Devonshire

BENVENUTO CELLINI

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER

THE life of this wonderful but wayward genius is amusing and interesting in the highest degree; indeed, his autobiography, with its curious mixture of fact and fiction, is, as Walpole observed, 'more amusing than any novel.'

The time in which he lived was a singularly brilliant period of Italy's history, and the worship which rank then paid to genius, gained him the

intimacy of two Popes, Clement VII. and Paul III., the Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo de' Medici, Francis I. and Charles V., besides cardinals innumerable, and all the great Italian sculptors and painters of his day, including Michel Angelo and Titian.

'He touched nothing which he did not adorn' might well be said of him, and nothing was done by him that was not only an art gem in conception, but in workmanship as well. Luckily for us, his works have always been so highly prized that they have been well cared for and tended, and, consequently, most of them have survived until our day. English gold has been able to procure, for this country, examples of his work that, once obtained, are literally priceless; and, being both in Royal and good private collections, they are not likely again to leave these shores.

As there is no other lengthened biography of him than that which he wrote himself—or, rather, dictated to the young son of Michel di Goro della Pieve whilst he went on with his work—we are constrained to follow it, believing it to be true in all its main facts, although there can be no doubt that he was occasionally led away by his fervid

imagination, his egregious vanity, and his love for the marvellous.

His vanity, however, was his weakest point, and his truthfulness in many cases had to yield to it. Knowing to the full his capabilities and powers, he endeavoured to believe that he could excel in everything, until his imagination became diseased, and he had recourse to what, in plain English, we should call downright lying.

He was the son of Giovanni Cellini and Maria Lisabetta Granacci, who were both natives of Florence, where he was born in the year 1500; but he said his ancestors had great possessions in the valley of Ambras, where they lived until one of the family, named Cristofano, quarrelled with some of their neighbours. The two disputants were compelled to separate; one was sent to Sienna, and Cristofano, who was Benvenuto's great-grandfather, was banished to Florence, where he settled.

Benvenuto owed his name to his father's dread of having another daughter, and, when Giovanni heard a boy was born, he looked up to heaven and said, 'Lord, I thank Thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and

welcome.' And when pressed to give the child a name, all he would answer was that he was *benvenuto* (welcome); so Benvenuto he was christened.

Whether he forgot the incidents of his childhood or not, or simply wanted to make out that in his early days he was marked as a prodigy, it is impossible to say, but he immediately commences his marvellous stories. First, he relates that he, when three years old, caught hold of a large scorpion, which did not harm him, although its bite or sting was deadly; and that he would not let it go, so that his father had, by gentle application of a pair of scissors, to decapitate it and cut off its sting. Next, when he was five years old and looking at the fire, he was astonished to receive a box on the ear from his father, the cause of which the fond parent explained thus: 'My dear child, I don't give you that box for any fault that you have committed, but that you may recollect that the little creature which you see in the fire is a salamander; such a one as never was beheld before to my knowledge;' and then he embraced him and gave him money.

A child thus early favoured by the special sight of a salamander in the fire must, necessarily,

be reserved in his after-life for some peculiar fate. He probably inherited his artistic taste from his father, who, besides being an engineer and one of the Court musicians, carved in ivory. He sadly wanted Benvenuto to give up his whole time to music, and set his heart upon his son becoming a proficient on the flute; but the boy, although musical, preferred drawing, and so it came to pass that he was bound apprentice to a goldsmith of Pinzi di Monte, called Michelagnolo, the father of the Cavaliere Baccio Bandinelli, who, perhaps, as a sculptor, in his age approached Michel Angelo more nearly than any other, and who in after-life became Cellini's pet aversion. But the boy was restless, and, leaving his master, engaged himself to another goldsmith, one Antonio di Sandro.

When he was sixteen, his brother, who then was but fourteen years of age, fought a duel, and in the squabble which afterwards ensued, Benvenuto got mixed up; the consequence being, that the Council of Eight banished both of them, for six months, for a distance of ten miles from the city. Our hero went to Sienna, and there followed his trade with a goldsmith named Francesco Castoro.

Thence he went to Bologna, where he stayed a time, and then returned to Florence.

There he abode a short time, until his brother returned, in somewhat evil case, and, having helped himself to some of Benvenuto's clothes without having first gone through the formality of asking his leave, Benvenuto got somewhat disgusted, left the parental roof, went to Lucca, and thence to Pisa, but, within a year, he returned to Florence.

We narrowly escaped having him here in England; for Torregiano, who was employed by Henry VIII. to make the magnificent tomb of his father, was then in Florence, seeking workmen to come to England. He saw some of Cellini's drawings and work, and warmly pressed him to go with him; but he refused, because Torregiano boasted of having broken Michel Angelo's nose with a blow of his fist. As Buonarroti was Cellini's divinity, whom he devoutly worshipped, this was more than he could bear, and it is owing to this circumstance that England was deprived of the advantages of his talents.

He stayed at Florence until his nineteenth year, when he quite suddenly decamped, with a com-

panion named Tasso, without even mentioning the matter to their parents, and went to Rome. Tasso soon returned to Florence, but Cellini found work, and stayed there for two years, when he also got homesick and returned to his father. But, he says, the goldsmiths at Florence were jealous of his good work, and he got into quarrels and brawls. Indeed, his temper was ever leading him into some scrape, one of which was so serious that he had to fly Florence and once more seek Rome, where he found Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, an old friend of his father's, had been elected Pope, under the title of Clement VII. (1523.)

Here the beauty of his workmanship soon procured him patrons among the aristocracy and the magnates of the Church, and he found that he could earn more money at making jewellery than at goldsmith's work pure and simple.

He soon came under the notice of the Pope, though not through his handicraft. He was asked by a friend, who was one of the Pope's household musicians, to play the flute at the Pope's Ferragosto (which was a Roman festival held on August 1), and his performance so delighted his Holiness that he inquired his name. Finding he

was the son of his old Florentine acquaintance, Giovanni Cellini, he immediately appointed him one of his musicians, and gave him a hundred gold crowns to divide with his new associates. Of course, he could not accept this good fortune like an ordinary mortal, so he had a vision of his father coming to him and bidding him take it, under penalty of his curse; and, as if this tale required some sort of confirmation, he asserts that at the very same time his father had a similar vision.

At this time he was making a silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, of very curious workmanship. It took a long time to make—so long, indeed, that the Bishop's patience got exhausted; and when he got it, at last, he vowed that he would be as slow in paying for it as it had been long in manufacture. This angered Cellini, and led to a scene which is interesting as illustrating the manners of the times. One day, in the Bishop's absence, a Spanish gentleman was handling the vase, and by his clumsiness managed to injure it, so that it had to be returned to Cellini to be repaired. Once having got it into his possession, he was determined not to part with it. The Bishop, however, wanted it to show

somebody, and sent a servant, who demanded it rudely. To this the answer was that the Bishop should have it when he paid for it, and the man, after alternately supplicating and bullying, went away, swearing he would return with a body of Spaniards and cut him in pieces.

Cellini got out his gun and prepared for action; and hardly had he done so when his house was attacked by a band of infuriated Spaniards, nor was it till some Roman gentlemen came to his assistance that the assailants retired. Cellini threatened to lay the whole affair before the Pope; but ultimately armed himself, and, with his servant carrying the disputed vase, he sought the Bishop's presence, and, after some demur, obtained payment.

When the Pope did hear of it, Cellini's conduct met with his warm approval, and commissions from cardinals and grandees flowed in upon him, especially for those medallions which it was then the fashion to wear in the hat. This induced him to study seal engraving, at which he became a great adept, making many of the cardinals' seals. He also practised enamelling, which was of great use to him in his jewellery.

Then came a plague in Rome, and he amused himself by going into the country, shooting. Of course, his skill exceeded that of everybody else, if his own statements are to be relied upon and accepted as facts, killing pigeons, &c., invariably with a single bullet.

He next turned his attention to damascening on steel and silver, and some of his steel rings inlaid with gold fetched over forty crowns, which was less than half what a brother artist, Caradosso, obtained for his work.

This was all very well in the piping times of peace; but war was at hand, and all the potentates of Italy got mixed up in the quarrel between Francis I. and Charles V. Cellini took up arms in defence of Rome, and, according to his own account, performed prodigies of valour. On the night of May 5, 1527, Charles de Bourbon suddenly arrived before Rome with an army of 40,000 men, and next morning assaulted the city, where he was killed early in the day by a musket shot, whilst he was leading on his troops, scaling-ladder in hand. Of course, our hero claimed to have shot him; nor only so, but when Clement betook himself to the Castle of St. Angelo

for safety, Cellini had command of a portion of the ordnance, where, to the Pope's admiration, he killed large numbers of the enemy, and he said he wounded the Prince of Orange. One sample of his own version of his deeds of prowess may be given:—

'I saw a man who was employed in getting the trenches repaired, and who stood, with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose colour, and I began to deliberate how I could lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and, charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed at him exactly. Though he was at so great a distance that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle. He had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed in two pieces. The Pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece should carry so far, as that he could not

conceive how the man could be cut in two pieces.'

Things grew desperate, and before the capitulation, on June 5, 1527, Clement employed Cellini to take all the jewels of the regalia from their settings and melt down the gold, which weighed about a hundred pounds. The jewels, for safety, were sewn into the skirts of the dresses both of the Pontiff and his Master of the Horse.

After the capitulation Cellini returned to Florence, where he found his father well; and, having administered to his necessities, he went to Mantua, where he visited Giulio Romano, who recommended him to the Duke, from whom he speedily had commissions. However, he did not stop long there, but returned to Florence, where he found all his family, with the exception of a brother and sister, dead of the plague—that dreadful scourge which, from May to November 1527, killed 40,000 persons in Florence.

Here he stayed some little time, and was visited by Michel Angelo; but at last the Pope, hearing he was at Florence, begged him to come to Rome, and offered him very advantageous terms. But he coquetted before he consented, and, when he

did go, he refrained for some time from visiting the Pope. At last they met, and Clement gave him a commission, which turned out one of his masterpieces, to make him a 'morse' or clasp for his pontifical cope. He afterwards designed and struck some medals and coins, and was appointed Stamp-master to the Mint, with a liberal salary.

And now follows an episode which shows the general lawlessness of those days. Brawling, street fighting, and assassination were of everyday occurrence, and swords leaped lightly from their scabbards on slender pretext, when worn by these impulsive Italians.

His brother, who was in Rome, in the service of Alessandro de' Medici, of course got quarrelsome, a fight ensued, and he was shot in the leg. Benvenuto immediately joined in the *mêlée*, and would have killed the musketeer who shot his brother, had not the man escaped. The surgeons proposed cutting off his brother's leg; but the patient would not hear of it, and, consequently, died. Benvenuto sorrowed deeply for him, and brooded over revenge, until he found out the habitation of the unfortunate musketeer. Him he

found standing at his door, and without more ado he smote and felled him with a blow from a long dagger, and, when the poor wretch could not help himself, he stabbed him in the collar-bone and neck with such force that he could not extract the dagger. Having thus assassinated his enemy, he left the dagger in the corpse, and immediately sought Duke Alessandro, who at once accorded him his protection, and told him to go on with the work he had in hand for his Holiness. And all the notice ever taken of this outrage was that at their next interview the Pope slightly frowned on Cellini, and said significantly to him: 'Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself.'

He was now in high favour, kept five journeymen, and was entrusted by the Pope with all his jewels for resetting; but these he narrowly escaped losing, owing to a burglary at his house, which was partially defeated through the sagacity of his dog, who afterwards met the thief in the street, flew at him, and would not be beaten off. There was nothing left for the thief to do but to confess, and this he did, making full restitution of the stolen property, so that Cellini and his dog were satis-

fied—there was always a halo of romance about everything connected with this wonderful man.

The Pope was highly delighted with his morse, and made Cellini one of his mace-bearers, who preceded the Pontiff, carrying rods. He also gave him an order to make a chalice, and the design was worthy of the master. Instead of the ordinary stem, the cup was upheld by three figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and on the foot were three bosses, on which were represented, in *basso relievo*, three stories relating to the figures. And it was over this chalice that he and his friend the Pope quarrelled.

No sooner was the design shown to his Holiness and duly admired, than Benvenuto must needs ask for more preferment; this time a place worth over 800 crowns yearly. The Pope refused, saying if he enriched the artist he would no longer care to work, but at last consented to give him the next good piece of preferment that fell vacant, provided he made haste and finished the chalice. The Pope went to Bologna, and Cellini says he made great progress with his work, but could not get on for want of more gold, which he could not obtain from the papal treasury. Besides which, he

says he suffered from bad eyes; so much so, that he thought he should lose his sight,

On his return the Pope sent for him, and was so displeased with him for the little progress he had made in his work that he fell into a violent passion, and said: 'As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that, if a regard for decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown, this moment, out of the window.' Cellini still pleaded his blindness, and in a few days the Pope sent for him, and spoke kindly to him.

But intrigues were going on against him. Through the influence of Cardinal Salviati, who was no friend to Benvenuto, a rival goldsmith, named Tobbia, was introduced to Clement, and in a competition between Cellini and Tobbia for the mounting of a unicorn's—or narwhal's—horn, which was to be sent as a present to Francis I., Tobbia gained the day. Then he irritated the Pope by asking for more money for gold for the chalice, which never seemed nearer completion, and then he was dismissed from his situation in the Mint. At last the Pope lost all patience, and sent for the chalice, finished or unfinished. Cellini re-

fused to give it up. His argument was that the Pope had advanced him 500 crowns, which he would return, but that he had no right whatever to the unfinished cup. Nor could anything stir him from his resolution.

He was taken before the Governor of Rome; but neither threats nor cajolery prevailed, and the matter ended in his having his own way, returning the money, and keeping the unfinished chalice. It must, however, have been some comfort to him to find that the Pontiff did not appreciate his rival's work.

Presumably, Cellini considered this portion of his life as tame; so he launches out in a cock-and-bull story of his studying necromancy in company with a Sicilian priest. They employed a boy as a medium, and there were the usual clouds of incense, burning perfumes, &c., until the medium declared they were surrounded by a million fierce men, besides four armed giants. This even daunted our hero; but at last, although at one time the place was full of devils, they gradually disappeared, until only a few were left, who accompanied them on their way home, playfully leaping and skipping, sometimes running on the roofs of the houses and

sometimes on the ground. This seems to have been his worst encounter with spirits, and he settled down once more to his trade, until his bad temper again got him into trouble.

This time he quarrelled with a Signor Benedetto, who provoked him beyond endurance by telling him that he and his partner Felice were both scoundrels. Cellini's hot blood fired up at this, and scooping up a handful of mud out of the street, he threw it at Benedetto. Unfortunately there was a sharp flint with the dirt, which stunned him, and so cut his head that it bled profusely. Some meddler told the Pope that Benvenuto had just murdered his rival Tobbia, and the Pope, in a passion, ordered the Governor of Rome to seize Cellini and hang him at once. Luckily for him, he got instant information, and lost no time in flying from Rome as fast as a horse could gallop, leaving the irate Pontiff to find out, almost immediately afterwards, that Tobbia was alive and well.

He fled to Naples, where the Viceroy would fain have kept him, but Cardinal de' Medici having written to him to return to Rome without delay, he did so, and immediately set about a medal for the Pope commemorating the universal peace

between 1530 and 1536. He continued to enjoy Clement's favour until his death in 1534, at which time he had a quarrel with, and killed, a man named Pompeo; so had to seek the protection of some powerful friend, whom he found in Cardinal Cornaro. And the new Pope, Paul III. (Cardinal Alessandro Farnese), gave him not only a safe conduct, but at once employed him in the Mint. But having aroused the enmity of Signor Pier Luigi Farnese, who hired a disbanded soldier to assassinate him, he thought it time to move, and went to Florence.

Duke Alessandro de' Medici received him very kindly, and would have had him stay; but he went with two friends of his, sculptors, to Venice, where they stopped a short time, and then returned to Florence, where he employed himself at the Mint and in making jewellery until a safe conduct arrived for him from the Pope, with his commands that he should immediately repair to Rome.

On his arrival, the magistrates, who were not aware of his protection, sent some of the City Guards to arrest him for the murder of Pompeo, but they retired upon seeing the document, and Cellini had

his pardon properly registered. After this he had a violent illness, and nearly died; and he attributed his recovery to drinking plentifully of cold water whilst in a violent fever. But even his convalescence must be attended with some extraordinary occurrence, for he vomited a hairy worm about a quarter of a cubit long; the hairs were very long, and the worm was shockingly ugly, having spots of different colours, green, black, and red—in fact, quite an artistic worm, worthy of having emanated from such a genius.

He required his native air of Florence to restore him to health, but found the Duke much prejudiced against him owing to malicious reports; so, after a short stay he returned to Rome, and, very soon after, Alessandro was assassinated by Lorenzo de' Medici (January 6, 1537), and Cosmo reigned in his stead.

At this time Charles V. paid a visit to Rome, and the Pope thought to make him some extraordinary present. Cellini suggested a gold crucifix, in which he could utilise the statuettes and ornaments of his beloved chalice; but Paul decided to give a superbly illuminated missal, and Cellini was to make the cover, which was to be of gold, adorned

with jewels worth about 6,000 crowns; and he was also deputed to be the bearer of the present to the Emperor, who reciprocated the Pope's gift by a diamond which had cost him 12,000 crowns, which Cellini afterwards set as a ring for Pope Paul. But he complained that he was not paid commensurately for his labour, either in the ring or the book cover, so he determined to go to France, and finally accomplished the journey—wonderful to relate—without any marvellous adventures, but only the ordinary incidents of travel.

He arrived in Paris, saw, and was graciously received by, Francis I., started with him on his journey to Lyons, where it was arranged that Cellini should stay, and then—unstable as water—because he was taken ill, and his attendant, Ascanio, had the ague, he was disgusted with France, and determined to return to Rome, which he reached in safety, and continued his business peacefully, having eight assistants.

One of these, however, treacherously and falsely told the secretary of his old enemy Pier Luigi, that Benvenuto was worth at least 80,000 ducats, the greater portion of which belonged to the

Church, and which he had stolen when in the Castle of St. Angelo during the siege of Rome.

This was a bait too great for the avarice of the Pope, so one fine morning poor Cellini found himself in custody of the City Guard, and safely lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo, he being at this time but thirty-seven years of age. After a delay of some days he was examined, and made a good defence, but to no purpose. Pier Luigi had asked his father for Cellini's money, and the Pope had granted his prayer; and even the remonstrances of King Francis I. were useless, for he was told that Benvenuto was a turbulent, troublesome fellow, and his Majesty was advised not to interfere, because he was kept in prison for murder and other crimes. The King even begged for his release on the grounds that, as he had visited France with the Pope's permission and with the intention of remaining, he was virtually his subject; but even this reasoning could not prevail, and Cellini must remain in durance.

The Constable of St. Angelo was a Florentine, and greatly tempered the severity of Cellini's incarceration by allowing him to walk freely about the castle on parole. But it seems that the Constable

was subject to annual fits of monomania. One year he fancied himself a pitcher of oil; another year a frog, and would leap about as such; and this year he was a bat, and, believing in his own powers of volition, he fancied that Cellini's ingenuity might also enable him to fly, and thus escape.

So his parole was taken from him, and he was shut up. This, naturally, made Benvenuto anxious to escape, and, having torn up his sheets and made lengths of rope therewith, he managed to steal a pair of pincers. With these latter he drew the nails which fastened the iron plates to the door, making false heads with wax and iron rust.

Matters being thus prepared, he made his attempt to escape one night, and succeeded in getting outside, but at the cost of a broken leg. In his helpless condition some mastiffs set upon him, and he had a desperate fight with them. A water-carrier gave him a lift and got him farther away, and he then crawled and dragged himself on hands and knees, trying to reach the house of the Duchess Ottavio, who had formerly been the wife of the murdered Alessandro de' Medici. Luckily,

however, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro saw him in this plight, and immediately told his master, who at once had him fetched in, and his injuries seen to.

The Cardinal next went to the Pope to intercede for his *protégé*, and, at first, Paul seemed inclined to pardon, for he himself had once broken out of St. Angelo, where he had been imprisoned for forging a papal brief. But Cellini's evil genius, Pier Luigi, was present; his counsels had too much weight, and the unfortunate artist was taken, nominally as a guest of the Pontiff, to the papal palace, and after a little time he was again conveyed to the Castle of St. Angelo. Here the crazy Governor, in order to keep him safely, confined him in a very dark room under the garden, tenanted by tarantulas and other noxious insects.

Deprived of all society, and with no books save a Bible and the 'Chronicles of Villani,' Cellini's reason seems to have partially given way; and he records numerous visions seen, which, it is needless to say, were of the most astounding nature. Indeed, the Pope believed him mad, and sent word to the Governor of St. Angelo to take no further heed of him, but to mind the salvation of his own

soul; for though the Governor had recovered his reason, his health was undermined.

With returning sense he treated his prisoner better, giving him pens, ink, and paper, besides modelling wax and implements, so that his lot was much ameliorated; nay, just before his death, he allowed Cellini almost the same liberty that he enjoyed when he was first imprisoned—a privilege which was confirmed by his successor, Antonio Ugolini.

About this time, Cellini says, an attempt was made to poison him by mixing pounded diamonds with his food; but this was defeated by the avarice of the person employed to make the powder, who kept the real stone and pounded a counterfeit. After this the Governor sent him food from his own table, and one of his servants tasted it.

Brighter days were now in store for our hero, for the Cardinal of Ferrara, coming to Rome from the Court of France, finding the Pope one day in a good humour, asked as a boon, in the name of the King his master, the liberation of Cellini, which was graciously accorded, and he was at once released, before the news could come to the ears of his enemy, Pier Luigi.

Naturally, after Cellini's release from prison, his first works were for his patron the Cardinal, until the time came for the latter to return to France, and then they set out together. After the usual quarrelling, which was unavoidable whenever Cellini was concerned, they reached Florence and then Ferrara, where the artist abode for some time, doing work for the Duke of that place, until the French King began to grumble at his non-appearance, and he pursued his journey, leaving, of course, behind him the memory of divers quarrels.

At length he did reach Fontainebleau, and had an audience with the King, who gave him a most gracious reception; but, when it came to a question of setting to work and the settlement of a salary, Cellini would not accept the terms of his benefactor the Cardinal, but broke up his establishment and started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Messengers were despatched after him, overtook him, and brought him back, owing to their using threats of imprisonment, of which he had had quite sufficient to last him his life, and which was the most potent argument that could possibly be

employed in his case. The question of emolument was soon settled; he was to have the same salary as Francis had assigned to Leonardo da Vinci (700 crowns annually), to be paid besides for all work done for the King, and to receive a present of 500 crowns to defray the expenses of his journey.

His first commission from the King was a magnificent one, but from its vast scale it could scarcely be carried out by an artist who was then forty years of age. It was no less than to make twelve candlesticks in silver, the height of Francis himself, of six gods and six goddesses, and the artist was assigned the Tour de Nesle as a residence.

Cellini at once set to work on his models, and arranged about the payment of his two assistants, but he could not get possession of his residence. It had previously been assigned to the Provost of Paris, Jean d'Estourville, who, however, made no use of it, and would not allow Cellini to occupy it, in spite of repeated orders. So, Benvenuto complained to the King, who abruptly asked him who he was, and what was his name. Surprised at this reception, he did not at first reply, but afterwards stammered out that his

name was Cellini; on which the King told him that if he were the same Cellini who had been described to him, he had better act like himself—he had the King's free permission. On this hint he set to work, and very soon was in residence in his new abode.

He then made full-sized models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and got 300 pounds of silver wherewith to commence his work. Meantime he finished a silver-gilt cup and basin which he had begun for the Cardinal of Ferrara immediately on his release from prison, and they were of such beautiful workmanship that as soon as he had given them to his patron the latter presented them to Francis, who, in return, gave the Cardinal an abbey worth 7,000 crowns a year. The King besides wanted to make the artist a handsome present, but the Cardinal prevented him, saying he would settle a pension of at least 300 crowns yearly on him out of the proceeds of his abbey; but this he never did.

Cellini was now in great favour; he really worked hard, and his Jupiter and other gods progressed rapidly. The King took a personal interest in them, visited the artist's *atelier*, and

gave him an order to make a gold salt-cellar, as companion to his cup and basin. He had a model ready—one he had made in Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara—and with this the King was so highly delighted that he ordered his treasurer to give Benvenuto 1,000 old gold crowns, good weight, to be used in its manufacture. He duly received them, but he says that the treasurer, on one pretence or other, delayed payment till night, and then instigated four bravos to rob him. It is needless to say that such odds were nothing to Cellini, and that he reached home in safety with his precious burden.

The King, indeed, seemed unable to show sufficiently his regard for the artist. He gave him letters of naturalisation, and made him Lord of the Tour de Nesle. He visited him in company with Madame d'Estampes, and it was at her instigation that Cellini received orders to do something wherewith to ornament and beautify Fontainebleau. For this place he designed some magnificent gates, but he made an enemy of the favourite through not consulting her in the matter. He endeavoured to mollify her by presenting her with a beautiful cup, but she would not see him; so he

went off in a tiff, and gave the cup to the Cardinal of Lorraine, which, of course, furthered embittered his fair enemy. To make matters worse, he turned out, neck and crop, a man who had taken up his residence without permission in a portion of the Tour de Nesle, and who happened to be a *protégé* of Madame's. This, naturally, was never forgiven, and it was 'war to the knife' on the lady's part.

She set up, in opposition, a rival artist, named Primaticcio, was always dinning in the King's ears, day and night, his superiority over Cellini, and succeeded at last in persuading Francis to let Primaticcio execute Cellini's designs for the gates at Fontainebleau. Cellini heard of this, and at once called on his rival; and having tried, without effect, moral suasion to induce him to relinquish his proposed task, threatened to kill him, as he would a mad dog, when and wherever he met him. This course of reasoning succeeded where gentle means failed, and Primaticcio begged rather to be considered in the light of a brother.

Meanwhile, he was hard at work on the King's salt-cellar, and when his Majesty returned to Paris he presented it. As it was of remarkable work-

manship, a detailed account of it will be interesting. It was of pure gold, and represented the Earth and the Sea, the latter being Neptune, holding a trident in one hand; at his feet are sea-horses and fishes, whilst the sea is beautifully enamelled in undulating waves. The Earth was a

SALT-CELLAR BY CELLINI

beautiful nude human figure, holding in one hand fruits and flowers; under her were terrestrial animals and rocks, partly enamelled and partly natural gold. On one side of the figures was a boat, on the other an Ionic temple, both of which were receptacles for salt. This was fixed on a base of black ebony on which were four figures, in *mezzo-*

relievo, of Day and Night, and of Morning and Evening. It is needless to say that Francis was delighted with it, and Primaticcio slunk off to Rome, under the pretext of studying the Laocoon and other ancient works of art.

Cellini was now forty-three years of age, and in the zenith of his fame and working powers. He enjoyed the favour of Francis to an extraordinary extent, and the King, on his visits to the artist's studio, was astounded at the magnitude of his conceptions and the excellence of his execution. On one occasion he ordered 7,000 gold crowns to be paid him; but the Cardinal of Ferrara prevented its payment, and satisfied the King with his reason for so doing, that, if Benvenuto were made rich, he would probably buy an estate in Italy, and would leave whenever the whim seized him. Possibly, the same reasoning prevailed when, a short time afterwards, Francis promised him the first vacant abbey whose revenues should amount to 2,000 crowns a year—but Cellini never received it.

Madame d'Estampes' hostility, however, was not yet allayed, for, as she observed, 'I govern the whole kingdom, and yet such an insignificant

fellow sets my power at defiance'; so she persuaded the King to grant to a perfumer, one of her creatures, the tennis court of the Tour de Nesle. He took possession in spite of protest; but Cellini so harassed him by assaults every day with stones, pikes, and muskets (firing only blank cartridges) that no one dared stir from the place. This method was too slow, and one day our hero stormed the place, drove out the interloper, and threw his goods out of window. He then went straight to the King, told his story, and had fresh letters given him, securing him still more in his possession.

For this the King was amply repaid by the strenuous exertions of the artist, and the Jupiter, the first and only one of that nobly devised set of candelabra, was finished, and, in spite of Madame d'Estampes' intrigues, was shown to Francis at its best advantage. He was in raptures with it, and talked largely of rewarding its creator; but nothing came of it but 1,000 crowns; which were partly for previous disbursements.

War broke out between Francis and the Emperor Charles V., and the King not only consulted Cellini as to the defence of Paris, but gave him a commission to do all he thought necessary

to ensure the city's safety; but he resigned his task when his old foe Madame d'Estampes prevailed on the King to send for Girolamo Bellarmati. Her enmity still pursued Benvenuto, and she so worked upon the King, that one day he swore he would never show the artist any more favour. An officious friend carried this speech to Cellini, and he instantly formed a resolution to quit the kingdom. Before he could do so, however, he had many alternate hopes and fears. Sometimes Francis would load him with praises, at other times he would scold and reprimand him severely, and it was only through the instrumentality of his old friend the Cardinal of Ferrara, that he, at length, succeeded in quitting Paris. His departure, though nominally a pleasure trip in order to visit his sister and her daughters, was in reality a flight, for he left his furniture and other goods behind him, to the value of 15,000 crowns. He endeavoured to carry away with him two magnificent silver vases, but he was pursued, and compelled to surrender them.

He seems to have had, for him, a quiet and peaceable journey; the only excitement he records being a terrific hailstorm, the hailstones commencing the size of ounce bullets, and ending as

big as lemons; nay, they afterwards found some which a man could hardly grasp in his two hands. However, his party suffered no harm, with the exception of some bruises, which, under the circumstances, was not to be wondered at; but, as they journeyed onwards, they found the trees all broken down, and all the cattle, with many shepherds, killed. They reached Florence without further mishap, and there Cellini found his sister and her six daughters all well.

Cosmo de' Medici, the Duke of Tuscany, received him with the greatest kindness, sympathised with him, and promised him almost unlimited wealth, if he would but work for him, and it was settled that his first task should be a statue, either in marble or bronze, for the square before the ancient palace of the Republic, the Palazzo Vecchio. Cellini was forty-five years old when he made the model of his famous Perseus, which is now at Florence, in the Loggia dei Lanzi.

He settled upon a house, which Cosmo at once purchased and presented to him; but the irritable artist must, of course, at the very outset, quarrel with the Duke's servants, and consequently some delay occurred before he could begin his model.

But everything was at last arranged, even down to his salary, and he entered formally into the Medician service.

Still, even in his beloved native town he was not happy, for Baccio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor, was either jealous of him, or he of Bandinelli, and they were always at feud. He kept good friends with his patron, made a colossal model of his head, executed some jewellery for the Duchess, and worked hard at his Perseus; but he was always at daggers drawn with some of the ducal suite, and just now it was with the steward, who, he says, suborned people to charge him with a horrible crime.

There seems to have been no attempt at a prosecution; but Cellini felt it decidedly advisable to quit Florence for some time. So next morning he departed, without telling anyone but his sister, and went towards Venice. From Ferrara he wrote to the Duke, saying that though he left Florence without taking leave of him, he would return without being sent for. At Venice he visited both Titian and Sansovino, and also Lorenzo de' Medici, who earnestly advised him to return to France, instead of going back to

Florence. But Cellini, having written the Duke his version of the cause which drove him from his native place, and judging that the outcry against him had somewhat subsided, returned as suddenly as he had left, and unceremoniously visited Cosmo, who, although at first he seemed displeased, soon entered into good-humoured conversation with him, asked about his visit to Venice, and ended by bidding him mind his work and finish the statue of Perseus.

The statue—or more properly speaking the group—however, did not progress very rapidly, for Cellini was not liked, and he was thwarted wherever it was practicable, while both the Duke and the Duchess would fain have kept him at work designing and making jewellery for them—in fact, he was obliged to bribe the Duchess with little presents of vases, &c., to try and gain her influence to obtain more help on his great work, and especially to counteract the machinations of his arch-enemy Bandinelli.

It was of small avail, for the Duke, displeased with the slow progress of the work, had, some eighteen months previously, stopped supplying money, and Cellini had to find his men's wages out

of his own pocket. So, by way of consolation, he thought he would murder Bandinelli; but, when he met him, other ideas prevailed, and he spurned him, thinking what a much more glorious vengeance it would be to finish his work and thus confound his enemies, and Bandinelli afterwards offered him a fine block of marble wherewith to make a statue.

This, however, did not make them friends, for, both being once in the Duke's presence, Cellini told the Duke plainly that Bandinelli was a compound of everything that was bad, and had always been so; and then he went on to criticise most unmercifully his rival's statuary, and to overwhelm it with ridicule. At the same time he made him stick to his promise, and insisted on the delivery of the block of marble, out of which he carved a group of Apollo and Hyacinthus. This delighted the Duke, and he begged him to leave the Perseus for a while and devote himself to sculpture; and Benvenuto did so, carving a Narcissus out of a block of Greek marble.

The Duke had some doubts as to Cellini's ability to cast a large statue in bronze; but the artist assured him of his powers, promising that it should be perfect in every respect except one

foot, which he averred could not be cast well, and would require to be replaced by a new one.

The casting was a series of accidents. His shop took fire, and it was feared the roof would fall in; then, from another side, came such a tempest of wind and rain that it cooled the furnace. Add to all this that Cellini was suddenly taken ill of a violent intermittent fever, and everyone will perceive that things were almost as bad as they well could be.

Ill in bed, news came to him that his work was spoilt, so he got up and went to the workshop, where he found the metal cooled, owing to deficient firing. This he at once remedied, and, with the addition of some pewter, the metal soon began to melt again.

Hark! a loud report, a blinding glare of light; and, when men had come to their senses, they found that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run. Quick! tap the metal! But it does not flow very quickly; it must be made more fluid. A number of pewter platters and dishes were procured, and into the furnace they went, some two hundred of them. Then the metal ran kindly, the mould was

filled, and nothing more could be done but wait with patience for its cooling.

The mental strain relieved, Benvenuto returned thanks to heaven for the successful issue, then forgot all about the fever, and found he had a great appetite; so he sat down with his workmen and enjoyed his meal, drank 'Success to the Casting,' and then to bed, to arise quite cured and capable of eating a capon for his dinner.

Two days afterwards came another anxious time. Had the casting been successful? Piece by piece it was uncovered. Yes! all went well until the foot was reached which was to be imperfect. What a disappointment! The heel came out fair and round, and all Cellini's learned lecture to the Duke went for nought. Yet, still, on uncovering it, came a little cry of joy, for were not the toes wanting, as also part of the foot? Who could now say that he did not thoroughly understand his business? And so his patron and the Duchess fully admitted when they saw the work.

After this a little rest was permissible, and a journey to Rome was the result. Here he saw Michel Angelo, whom he begged in vain to take service with Cosmo de' Medici. But St. Peter's

was to be built, and nothing could persuade its creator to leave it. Malice had been busy during Cellini's absence, and on his return he found the Duke very cold towards him; but, although he managed to overcome this, an incident was about to happen which was to make the Duchess henceforth his implacable enemy.

She wanted the Duke to buy a string of pearls for her, for 6,000 crowns, and begged Cellini to praise them to the Duke. He did so, and the Prince was wavering as to the purchase when he asked the jeweller's honest opinion of their value. Cellini could but answer this appeal in a straightforward manner, and replied that they were not worth above 2,000 crowns, at the same time pointing out to the Duke how much his consort desired them, and how she had asked him to aid her in obtaining them. So, when the Duchess once more asked for them, she was refused, and was told that Benvenuto's opinion was that the money would be thrown away. The Duchess was but a woman; she gave him one look, shook her head threateningly at him, left the room, and never forgave him. She got her pearls though. A courtier, more supple and pliant than

Cellini, begged the Duke to buy them for his wife. He chose a happy moment, stood a few blows and cuffs, and then the indulgent husband yielded, and the pearls were his wife's property.

The Duchess could not now bear the sight of Cellini, and the breach between them was widened by his refusal to give her, to adorn her room, the figures of Jupiter, Minerva, Mercury, and Danae, which he had made to go with his Perseus. Her influence made itself felt, and even the Duke sensibly cooled towards our hero, and at last he found access to the palace very difficult.

But the crowning honour of his life was at hand. His Perseus was to be shown to the people and judged by their verdict. Proud, indeed, must have been the artist when he viewed the crowds which, from before daybreak, poured forth to see and to admire his work. There was no adverse criticism there, no petty or factious jealousy. The people heartily and honestly admired the creation of their fellow-citizen, and felt a truly fraternal pride in owning him as one of themselves. The Duke himself, concealed at a window, listened to the remarks of the people, and was so pleased that he sent his favourite, Sforza, to congratulate

Benvenuto and tell him that he meant to signally reward him. His pride must have been gratified to the very utmost. 'During the whole day, the people showed me to each other as a sort of prodigy,' and two gentlemen, who were envoys from the Viceroy of Sicily, made him most liberal offers, on behalf of their prince, if only he would go with them. Verses, Latin odes, and Greek poems were written by the hundred, and all with any literary pretensions vied with each other in producing some eulogium on Cellini.

PERSEUS

At length, sated with praise, he longed for a little rest, and obtained leave from his princely patron to make a short pilgrimage to Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, the baths of Santa Maria, and back again. At the baths he met with an old man, a physician, who was, besides, a student in alchemy. This old man conceived a great friendship for Cellini, and told him there were mines both of gold and silver in the neighbourhood; and furthermore gave him a

piece of practical information, to the effect that there was a pass, near Camaldoli, so open, that an enemy could not only easily invade the Florentine territory by its means, but also could surprise the Castle of Poppi without difficulty. Being furnished by his old friend with a sketch-map, he immediately returned to Florence, and lost no time in presenting himself before the Duke and acquainting him with the reason of his speedy return.

The Duke was well pleased with this service, and promised, of course, great things; but the favour of princes is proverbially fickle, and when, in the course of a day or two, he sought an interview for the purpose of being rewarded for his Perseus, he was met by a message from the Duke, through his secretary, desiring him to name his own price. This roused Cellini's ire, and he refused to put a price upon his work, until, stung by repeated reiterations of the demand, he said that 10,000 crowns were less than it was worth.

Cosmo was evidently a good hand at a bargain, and was quite angry at being asked such a sum; saying that cities or royal palaces could be built for the same amount; to which the artist retorted, with his usual modesty, that any number of men

could be found capable of building cities and palaces, but not another in all the world who could make such a statue of Perseus. His rival Bandinelli was called in to appraise it, and, whether he took its real value, or had some doubts of the consequences of the fire-eating Cellini's wrath in the event of his depreciating it, he assessed it at 16,000 crowns. This was more than the Duke could stand; and after much haggling it was settled that the artist should be rewarded with a sum of 3,500 gold crowns, to be paid in monthly sums of 100 gold crowns. This soon fell to fifty, then to twenty-five, and sometimes never was paid at all, so that Benvenuto, writing in 1566, says there were still some 500 crowns due to him on that account.

Still, Cosmo was anxious to keep Cellini at work. He could thoroughly appreciate the artist's efforts, but he objected to pay the bill. Numerous plans for work were raised, and models made; but they fell through, either by the artist refusing to adorn another's work, or the Prince choosing the worst models. The Court, too, was full of intrigues, as the story of a block of marble will show. A fine block, intended for a statue of

Neptune, had arrived, and the Duchess contrived that Bandinelli should have the promise of it. Of course, Cellini could not stand this, so he pleaded his cause with the Duke, with the result that it was arranged that he and his rival should send in models, and that the victor in the competition should execute the statue. Benvenuto says that he produced the best; but, knowing the Court well, he waited on the Duchess with a present of some jewellery, and promised, if she would only be neutral in the contest, to make for her the finest work of his life—a life-sized 'Crucified Christ,' of the whitest marble, on a cross of pure black. Cellini says Bandinelli died of sheer chagrin, and the Duchess declared that as he, if he had lived, should have had the stone, at any rate, by his death, his rival should not have it, so the marble was given to Bartolommeo Ammanati, who finished the statue in 1563.

The feud between Bandinelli and Cellini rose to such a height as even to interfere with their sepulchral arrangements. The latter, in disgust with the Duchess, had promised his 'Christ' to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, provided the monks would give him the ground under it on

which to erect his tomb. They said they had no power to grant his request, so, in a pet, he offered it, on the same terms, to the Church of the Santissima Annunziata, and it was eagerly accepted. But Bandinelli had nearly finished a 'Pietà'—our Lord supported by Nicodemus (a portrait of himself) —and he went straight to the Duchess and begged the chapel for his own tomb. By her influence, with some difficulty, he obtained his wish, and there he erected an altar-tomb which is still in existence; and having, when it was finished, removed thither his father's remains, he was taken suddenly ill, as aforesaid, and died within eight days.

The next noteworthy incident in Cellini's chequered career was that he bought a farm near Vicchio, about seven miles from Florence, for the term of his natural life (in other words, an annuity), of one Pier Maria Sbietta. He paid his property a visit, and was received with every demonstration of affection by Sbietta, his wife, and his brother Filippo, a profligate priest. Several persons warned him of impending danger from one or other of them; but their kindness seems to have disarmed his suspicions, and he stayed to supper, intending to sleep at Trespiano that night. When

he resumed his journey, however, he was taken violently ill with burning pains in the region of his stomach, and next morning felt as if on fire. Then he concluded that he had been poisoned, and, after passing in review the things of which he had partaken at supper, he felt convinced that corrosive sublimate had been administered to him in some highly seasoned but very palatable sauce, which he had so much relished that he had been helped to two spoonfuls. At Cellini's age—he was then sixty—this proved nearly fatal, especially as the physicians of that day were profoundly ignorant. He hovered between life and death for six months, and did not thoroughly recover and attend once more to business for a whole year.

His illness was provocative of another event in his life, for whilst lying sick he made a vow, should he recover, to marry a woman who had nursed him with great care. He fulfilled his vow, and by his wife, Madonna Piera, he had five children.

When again able to work, he sought the Duke, who was at Leghorn, was kindly received, told to return to Florence, and occupation should be found for him. But this does not seem to have

been the case, as he completed the marble crucifix, which he intended for his tomb, and showed it to the Duke and Duchess, both of whom were highly delighted with it. Cosmo hankered after it, and ultimately obtained it, in 1565, for 1,500 crowns, when he had it removed and placed in the Palazzo Pitti. In 1577 it was sent as a present to Philip II. of Spain, who had it carried on men's shoulders from Barcelona and deposited in the Coro Alto of the Escurial, where it may now be seen, inscribed: 'Benventus Zelinus, Civis Florent: faciebat 1562.'

Not being fully employed, he got fidgetty, and a friend of his, Signor Baccio del Bene, having arrived in Florence on a mission from Catherine de' Medici, they had a conversation, in which it was mentioned that the Queen Dowager wanted to finish the sepulchral monument of her deceased husband, Henry II., and that Daniello Ricciarelli da Volterra, who had the work in hand, was too old to execute it properly, so that there was an excellent opportunity for Cellini to return to France, and once more take possession of his Tour de Nesle.

He asked Baccio to mention this to the Duke,

as, personally, he was willing to go; but the Duke would not listen to Benvenuto going away, and selfishly kept him, without giving him employment —at least as far as we know—for here Cellini's autobiography ends, in the year 1562.

In 1561, however, Cosmo presented him with a house near San Croce, in the Via Rosajo, for him and his legitimate heirs male for ever, and in the grant, which is very flattering, is the following: 'Possessing the house and its appurtenances, with a garden for his own use, we expect the return for the favours shown him will appear in those masterpieces of art, both of casts and sculpture, which may entitle him to our further regard.'

Very little more is known about him, but we find that on March 16, 1563, he was deputed, together with Bartolommeo Ammanati, to attend the funeral of his old friend and master, Michel Angelo Buonarroti.

On February 15, 1570, Cellini himself died, and was buried with great pomp in the chapter-house of the Santissima Annunziata, in the presence of the whole academy.

PEPYS AND MUSIC

I HAVE chosen this title for more than one reason. First, to disprove, by unmistakable evidence, a slander, very widely spread, that the English have been, and are, an unmusical nation, and, secondly, to show the musical education of a man who raised himself to what we should now call 'the middle class' some two hundred and fifty years ago. In this matter Pepys is eminently more typical than his fellow-diarist, Evelyn. The latter was born a gentleman, and received an education proportionate to his rank in life. Pepys was a self-made man, and, as such, illustrates the more my proposition that England was a musical nation.

That there was an English school of music in his day is most evident; nay, more, it was worthy of argument as holding its own against the Continent, for in the very early part of his Diary (August 8, 1661) he notes: 'Here I met with Mr. Mage, and, discoursing of musique, Mons. Eschar spoke so much against the English, and in praise of the French, that it made him mad, and so he went away.'

It was essentially an age of chamber music, and everyone, even the servants, could take their part in a catch or round—aye, such music as would puzzle some of our young people to play and sing. Pepys' father was a tailor, and although he went to Cambridge for the latter portion of his education, it was not the expensive matter of these latter days, nor were the students of the same station in life as now, so that music would not be a portion of his education as a gentleman. Yet he knew the groundwork well enough, for still early in his Diary (January 13, 1662) we find him very well advanced in the theory and practice, so much so that he was getting ambitious: 'All the morning at home, and Mr. Berkenshaw (whom I have not seen for a great while) came to see me, who

staid with me a great while talking of musique, and I am resolved to begin to learn of him to compose, and to begin to-morrow, he giving me so great hopes that I shall soon do it.' This good resolution was kept, and he took his first lesson on the 14th.

But he had to pay the piper, as he somewhat ruefully notes: 'February 4, 1662.—Long with Mr. Berkenshaw, in the morning, at my musique practice, finishing my song of "Gaze not on Swans," in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money, and troubled me to part with it.'

The scholar thought himself better than his master, and their acquaintance was soon dissolved. Of course, as most misunderstandings arise, it was all about a trifle. On the same day he went 'over the water to Southwarke, to Mr. Berkenshaw's house, and there sat with him all the afternoon, he showing me his great card of the body of musique, which he cries up for a rare thing, and I do believe it cost him much pains, but it is not so useful as he would have it.'

Who was right and who was wrong will never

be settled; but things went on fairly smooth for a day or so, for on February 26 we read: 'Mr. Berkenshaw with me all the morning, composing of musique to "This cursed jealousy, what is it?"' The strained relations between *maestro* and pupil came to a head next day: 'This morning came Mr. Berkenshaw to me, and in our discourse I, finding that he cries up his rules for most perfect (though I do grant them to be very good, and the best I believe that ever yet were made), and that I could not persuade him to grant wherein they were somewhat lame, we fell to angry words; so that, in a pet, he flung out of my chamber, and I never stopped him, having intended to put him off to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give.'

However, he still retained a reverence for his preceptor: '15th October, 1665.—Up, and while I staid for the barber,[1] tried to compose a duo of counterpoint, and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berkenshaw's rule.' Again:

[1] A lute, or similar instrument, was then always part of the furniture of a barber's shop, so that the customers might amuse themselves whilst waiting their turn.

'29th October 1665.—To supper, and discourse of musique, and so to bed, I lying with him talking till midnight of Berkenshaw's musique rules, which I did to his great satisfaction inform him in, and so to sleep.' This seems to have been the finishing touch to Pepys' musical education—he was feeling his feet, and thought he could run alone. But this only shows what I contended for in starting—that a musical education was given then as an ordinary branch of tuition, and it was left afterwards for a very common person (socially) to perfect himself therein, if he so pleased.

He liked Church music, and yet was critical thereon, *vide* August 21, 1667. 'This morning came two of Captain Coke's boys, whose voices are broke, and are gone from the Chapel, but have extraordinary skill; and they and my boy, with his broken voice, did sing three parts; their names are Blaew and Loggins; but notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not command to keep in time, would make a man mad—so bad it was.' Nay, he thought so much of his musical taste that he must needs be ahead of others: '20 March, 1668.—All the evening pricking down some things,

and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing a better theory of musick than hath yet been abroad; and I think, verily, I shall do it.'

Again: '2 April 1668.—Thence with Lord Brouncker and several of them to the King's Head Tavern, by Chancery Lane, and there did eat and talk, and, above the rest, I did desire of Mr. Hooke and my Lord, an account of the reason of concords and discords in musique, which they say is from the equality of vibrations; but I am not satisfied in it, but will, at my leisure, think of it more, and see how far that do go to explain it.' So we see that not only were ordinary folk at that time lovers of music, but that they went into the matter scientifically, as far as their enlightenment allowed them.

Yet one more illustration to show how critical he was: 'September 15, 1667.—We, also, to Church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling with two men, by promise, one Wallington and Piggott, the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good

things, but I am more and more confirmed that singing with many voices is not singing, but a sort of instrumental musique, the sense of the words being lost by not being heard, and especially as they set them with fuges of words, one after the other, whereas singing properly, I think, should be but with one or two voices at most, and the counterpoint.'

This is not the last we hear of these two gentlemen, for on December 1 (Lord's Day), 1667, Pepys notes that he went to church, and 'in the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and the little man that sings so good a base, Wallington, and another that understands well, one Piggott, and we spent the evening mighty well in good musique, to my great content to see myself in condition to have these, and entertain them for my own pleasure only.' And once again—which I introduce only to show how thoroughly musical Pepys was—July 13, 1668: 'So home, it being almost night, and there find in the garden, Pelling, who hath brought Tempest, Wallington and Pelham to sing, and there had most excellent musick late, in the dark, with great pleasure; but, above all, with little Wallington.'

These gentlemen were members of a musical society which met in the Old Jewry, and Playford, whose 'Dancing-master' is a mine of wealth in early English music, dedicated to them his 'Catch that Catch can; or the Metrical Companion,' in which may be found some of Wallington's compositions. This pleasant little musical society was not far from Pepys' house in Crutched Friars, and I notice it simply to show that musical gatherings were common at that time, as may be seen by another extract (October 5, 1664): 'Thence to the Musique-Meeting at the Post Office, where I was once before; and thither, anon, came all the Gresham College,[1] and a good deal of noble company.'

Nay, the music-hall was then in existence, although we are apt to think it the outcome of our latter-day civilisation; but there were then places where men could have refreshment as well as be regaled with the 'concord of sweet sounds,' the latest development of which is the smoking concert. '27 September, 1665.—We to the King's

[1] The 'Gresham Lectures' on music are still delivered, and, I am happy to say, are better attended then they used to be. They are *gratis*.

Head, the great Musique House, for the first time I was there, and had a good breakfast.' '3 October, 1665.—Anon by appointment, comes one to tell me my Lord Rutherford is come; so I to the King's Head to him, where I find his lady, a fine young Scotch lady, pretty, handsome, and plain. My wife also, and Mercer;[1] by and by comes Creed, bringing them; and so, presently, to dinner, and very merry, and after, to even our accounts, and I to give him tallys, where he do allow me £100, of which, to my grief, the rogue Creed has trepanned me out of £50. That being done, and some musique and other diversions, at last goes away my Lord and Lady, and I to Mrs. Pierce's, and brought her to the King's Head, and there spent a piece upon a supper for her.' So that we see, at that time, it was thought no evil to go to a house of entertainment where music was an accompaniment to good cheer.

It was a kindly, pleasant age, when master and man, mistress and maid, were far more intimate and friendly than at present, when the great gulf is scarcely passable, the relations decidedly strained, and the service given is per-

[1] His wife's lady's-maid, of whom we shall hear more.

functory. Thus we find Pepys, on September 10, 1664, takes Mercer to the play with his wife. Next day there is the entry that he went to church with 'my wife, and her woman, Mercer, along with us, and Tom, my boy, waiting on us.' It is true that Mercer was 'a decayed merchant's daughter,' but we shall see later on that it was no favouritism on account of her position, but that all servants and masters were on a kindly footing of friendship.

Mercer was musical, and in the very first month of their acquaintance Pepys records: 'So home, and find Mercer playing on her Vyall, which is a pretty instrument, and so I to the Vyall, and singing till late, and so to bed.' And we get a pleasant view of their kindly home life (June 25, 1665): 'So by water home, and to supper and bed, being weary with long walking at Court, but had a Psalm or two with my boy and Mercer, which pleased me mightily.' Here is another pretty domestic scene: '5th May, 1666.—About 11, I home, it being a fine moonshine, and with my content, my wife and Mercer came into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to

ourselves and neighbours, by their casements opening, and so to supper and to bed.' (See also 5th July, 1666.)

Pepys used to teach the accomplished Mercer to sing, and sang with her in company. '9 July, 1666.—Here I made the black one sing a French song, which she did mighty innocently, and then Mrs. Lovett play on the lute, which she do very well: and then Mercer and I sang.' '12 July, 1666.—After supper falling to singing with Mercer, did sit up with her, she pleasing me with her singing of "Helpe, Helpe," till past midnight.' '30 July, 1666.—At noon, home to dinner, and then did practise with Mercer one of my new tunes that I have got Dr. Childe to set me a bass to, and it goes prettily.'

But there was 'a little rift within the lute,' which may probably be accounted for by the above extracts from the Diary, and the following: '24 July, 1666: At noon to dinner, and after dinner with Mercer (as of late my practice is), a song, and so to the office.' *Mrs. Pepys was getting jealous*, as is plainly shown by the entry, '30 July, 1666.—Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find

my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is that the girl do take musique mighty readily, and she do not, and musique is the thing of the world that I love most and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed, in some little discontent, but no words from me.'

However, this little matrimonial tiff seems to have passed away, for he, his wife, and a small party went to visit Mercer's mother on August 14, 1666, and after having been regaled with some fireworks, 'At last our businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, (W. Batelier dancing well), and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister, (who with his wife, came over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright and my

wife, and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed.'

The lady's-maid could not stand 'missus's' temper, and for the second time (now for good) she leaves. '3 September, 1666.—This day Mercer being not at home, but against the mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife, with good reason was angry, and when she came home bid her begone again. And so she went away, which troubled me.' This he sorrowfully records on 22 September: 'Only I do lacke Mercer or somebody in the house to sing with.'

Although she would not return as a servant, she visited as a friend, and things went on again on the old footing of intimacy—she sings once more with Pepys, and even with the boy Tom.

Of this boy Tom, Pepys has left almost as minute an account as of Mercer, with this exception, we hear of his first coming, his marriage, and his death. He makes his *début* on August 27, 1664: 'Home, and then find my boy Tom Edwards, come,

sent me by Captain Cooke, having been bred in the King's Chapell these four years. I propose to make a clerke of him, and, if he deserves well, to do well by him. I find my boy a very school-boy that talks innocently and impertinently, but, at present, it is a sport to us, and in a little time he will leave it. So sent him to bed, he saying that he used to go to bed at eight o'clock.'

This sounds unpromising, but the next entry has a better record. 'September 9, 1664.—After dinner, my wife and Mercer, and Tom and I sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling. The girle plays pretty well upon the harpsicon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voyce and ease. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks best that ever I saw.'

For the next year, Tom is only mentioned as accompanying his master wherever he went, and in September 1665, his father died of the plague. His conduct seems to have been exemplary, for Pepys never complains of him—on the contrary, he has him taught music. 'July 30, 1666.—Up, and did some business in my chamber, then, by and by,

comes my boy's lute master, and did direct him hereafter to begin to teach him to play his part on the Theorbo, which he will do, and that in a little time, I believe.'

For some time, his life seems to have run evenly, until he fell in love with Jane Wayneman, the chamber-maid, and Pepys tells their courtship thus: 'February 11, 1668.—This morning, my wife, in bed, told me the story of our Tom and Jane; how the rogue did first demand her consent to love and marry him, and then, with pretence of displeasing me, did slight her; but both he and she have confessed the matter to her, and she hath charged him to go on with his love to her, and be true to her, which for my love to her, because she is in love with him, I am pleased with; but, otherwise, I think she will have no good bargian of it. But if it do stand, I do intend to give her 50*l.* in money, and do them all the good I can in any way.'

They were married about a year afterwards, for we read: 'March 27, 1669.—I find all well, but my wife abroad with Jane, who was married yesterday. By and by my wife comes, and there I hear how merry they were yesterday, and I am

glad at it, they being married, it seems, very handsomely at Islington; and dined at the old house, and lay in our blue chamber, with much company, and wonderful merry.' The next day, he notes, 'To the office with Tom, who looks mighty smug upon his marriage, as Jane also do, both of whom I did give joy.' Here ends the chronicle of Tom's life, except occasional mention in the Diary, but Pepys notices his death in a letter to Sir Richard Haddock, August 20, 1681.

Pepys also had another musical maid, Mrs. Goswell, who was his wife's maid. 'December 5, 1662.—Home, and there I find Goswell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad, and, in the evening, do entertain myself with my wife and her, who sings exceeding well, and I shall take great delight in her.' But she left on the 9th of the same month, as her uncle wanted her three times a week. She afterwards went on the stage.

Soon afterwards, he had yet another, Mary Ashwell, who is first mentioned thus: 'March 16, 1663.—To my wife, at my lord's lodging, where I heard Ashwell play first on the harpsicon, and I do find she do play pretty well, which pleaseth me

very well. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed Virginall book for her.' But, here again, Mrs. Pepys was jealous. 'May 31 1663.—Lay long in bed talking with my wife, and do plainly see that her distaste (which is beginning in her again), arises from her jealousy of me and her, and my neglect of herself, which, indeed, is true, and I am to blame; but, for the time to come, I will take care to remedy all.' Mary Ashwell, needless to say, did not stop long. 'August 4, 1663.—This day I received a letter from my wife, which troubles me mightily, wherein she tells me how Ashwell did give her the lie to her teeth, and that thereupon, my wife giving her a box on the eare, the other struck her again.' On his arrival home, on August 25, he found Ashwell gone.

Among Pepys' musical accomplishments, he played the fiddle. 'March 27, 1661.—In our mirth I sang, and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise [1] of fiddles there).' He also performed on the flageolet, and, in the early part of his Diary, we

[1] *A Noise of Music* was a company or band of musicians. These bands of fiddlers used to travel the country, and Pepys tells (October 23, 1668): 'How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing to them all the obscene songs they could think of.'

find that instrument mentioned several times. 'And then we sang of all sorts of things at first sight, and, after that, I played on my flageolette, and stayed there till nine o'clock, very merry, and drawn on with one song after another, till it came to be so late.' 'I came back by water, playing on my flageolette.' 'A little practice on my flageolette.' 'I played on my flageolette till a dish of poached eggs was got ready for us.' 'I took out my flageolette, and piped.' 'Hence to my wife, meeting Mr. Blagrave, who went home with me, and did give me a lesson on the flageolette.' 'I took my flageolette, and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W Pen came out in his shirt onto his leads, and then we staid talking and singing.' This is his last mention of his use of this instrument, and is dated June 3, 1661.

At this time, there was a famous flageolet maker, whom Pepys visited. 'January 20, 1668. —To Drumbleby's the pipe maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolette to go low and soft, and he do show me a way which do do, and, also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note, fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it on the other, which is mighty pretty.'

Presumably, he played on the harpsichord and spinet, or else he would not have thought of buying one. 'April 4, 1668.—Took Aldgate in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes Virginalls, and there did like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsicon, but this takes up less room.' He seems to have hesitated about its purchase, for he writes, 'July 10, 1668.—Hence to Hayward's to look upon an espinette, and did come near buying one, but broke off.' The temptation was too great, for, three days later, his Diary records, 'While I to buy my espinette, which I did now agree for, and did, at Mr. Hayward's, meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsicon, so as I never heard man before, I think.'

We have seen Pepys playing on the fiddle, in a merry mood, but he also performed seriously on the violin. '7 April, 1660.—In the afternoon W. Howe and I to our viallins, the first time since we came on board.' '11 April, 1660.—At night W. Howe and I, at our viallins in my cabin.' 'November 21, 1660.—At night to my viallin, (the first time that I have played on it since I came

to this house).' Not many years since it was uncommon to see a lady play the violin, how much more so in Pepys' time? '6 June, 1661.—Here came two gentlewomen to see Mr. Holland, and one of them could play pretty well upon the viallin; but, good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it!' There are several mentions of his playing on his 'viall,' but whether this is meant for his violin, I know not. He does not seem to have hankered after the bass viol, as we see, '17 April, 1663.—This morning, Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well; besides, I am in doubt whether I had best buy one, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business.' Indeed, in the previous year, 'I sent my brother Tom, at his request, my father's old Basse Viall, which he and I have kept so long, but I fear Tom will do little good by it.' He, also, possessed another stringed instrument. '17 November, 1660.—Then to my lyre viall—and to bed.'

He mentions another instrument. '5 October, 1664.—Hence to the Musique meeting at the Post Office, where I was once before. And thither,

anon, come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought, called the Arched Viall, when, being tuned with lute strings, and played on with Kees like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which, by the Kees, are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; so it is to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and harshly, that it will never do. But, after three hours' stay, it could not be fixed in time; and, so they were fain to go to some other musique of instruments.'

He also played the lute, a chamber instrument, which might be revived with advantage now-a-days, but for the difficulty of finding teachers for the old music. The earliest instance of his performing upon it, that I can find in his Diary, is February 4, 1660. 'Then played a little on the lute.' His own lute had a bit of a history of its own; for on March 18, 1660, he writes 'Called at Mr. Blagrave's, where I took up my note that he had of mine for 40*s.*, which he, two years ago, did give me as a pawn, while he had my lute.' 'October 23, 1660. (Lord's Day), To-day, at noon, (God forgive me) I

strung my lute, which I had not touched for a great while before.' '22 November, 1660.—And, afterwards, to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours came forth into the yard to hear me.' '28 May, 1662.—At home, got my lute upon the leades, and there played, and so to bed.'

To prove still more, if necessary, what I have advanced, that in England in Pepys' time music pervaded all classes, let us take the following: 'January 25, 1660.—So to my Lady Wright to speak with her, but she was abroad, so Mr. Evans, her butler, had me in his buttery and gave me sack and a lesson on his lute which he played very well.'

These seem to have been all the instruments upon which he played, except the Recorder, which was a kind of clarionet. '7 April 1668.—Thence to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a Recorder, which I do intend to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing.' Next day we find him with his new toy. 'So home to my chamber to be fingering of my Recorder, and getting of the scale of musique without books, which

I at last see is necessary for a man that would understand musique.'

Yet one more: he played on the theorbo, but that being so similar to the lute, hardly counts as a fresh musical accomplishment. Of the organ, to play on, he knew nothing, and seldom mentions it in his Diary. He noted that on November 4, 1660, he went to Westminster Abbey, 'where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a Cathedral'; and next month, he talks of the crowds that go to hear them, and in several other places mentions organs in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and in churches; also that Lord Sandwich had an organ set up in his dining-room, but nowhere does he say he ever played on one. Among other instruments he mentions the Welsh harp, the triangle, and an instrument called an Angelique.

He was a composer, and he mentions several of his own songs, the earliest of which is recorded '30 January, 1660.—This morning before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, "Great, good, and just," &c, and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day now ten years since, his Majesty died.' This line is the beginning of

Montrose's verses on the execution of King Charles the First.

"Great, good and just, could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
That it should deluge once again.
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

Next we have, '11 February, 1662.—At night began to compose songs, and begin with "Gaze not on Swans."'

There is mention of another, which, with several of his other compositions, is in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. '23 February, 1666.—Anon comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of "Beauty retire," which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be.' And he speaks of it yet again. '9 November, 1666.—After our first bout of dancing, Knipp and I to sing, and Mercer and Captain Downing (who loves and understands musique) would by all means, have my song of "Beauty retire," which Knipp had spread abroad,

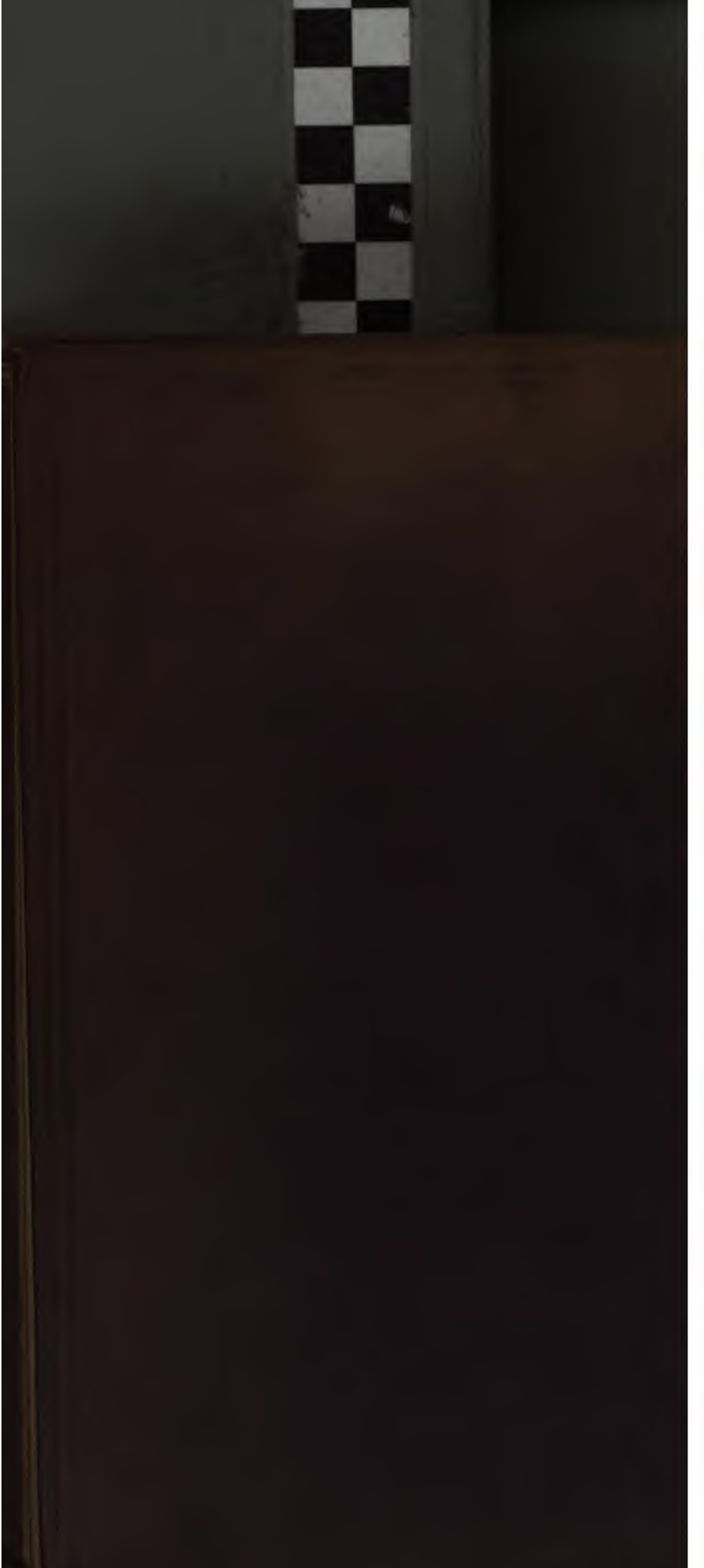
and he extols it above anything he ever heard, and without flattery, I know it is good of its kind.'

But, although he was so satisfied with this, he did not consider it his masterpiece; that was to come. 'August 22, 1666.—She (Mrs. Knipp) tells me my song of "Beauty retire," is mightily cried up—which I am not a little proud of; and do think I have done "It is decreed" better, but I have not finished it.' 'November 11, 1666.—After Church, I to my chamber, and there did finish the putting time to my song of "It is decreed," and do please myself at last, and think it will be thought a good song.' We have yet another notice of it. 'March 24, 1668.—He took Lord Brouncker down to the guards, he and his company being upon the guards to-day, and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which, with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument do not deserve at all: for, at the best, it is mighty barbarous musick. To my chamber to prick out my song, "It is decreed," intending

to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday, when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knipp, which I cannot have the opportunity to teach it to.'

He mentions several other songs, not of his own composition, as 'Fly boy, fly boy,' which he learned to sing without book. Henry Lawes' 'What is a kiss?' 'with which we had a great deal of pleasure.' 'Helpe, helpe, Divinity,' which he learned to sing without notes; two more of Lawes', 'Helpe, helpe, O helpe!' and 'O God of Heaven and Hell,' and a song which he used to sing, 'Goe and be hanged, that's good-bye.' As for ballads—the Pepysian Collection at Cambridge is as famous as the Roxburghe, the Bagford, or any other in England, containing some which no other collection possesses.

He delighted in music, and nothing pleased him better than to have it at home, as we may see by the following. 'September 3, 1664.—All the afternoon, my wife and I above, and then the boy and I to singing of psalms, and then came in Mr. Hill, and he sung with us awhile; and he, being gone, the boy and I again to the singing of Mr.

Porter's mottets, and it is a great joy to me that I am come to this condition to maintain a person in the house able to give me such pleasure as this boy do, by his thorough knowledge of musique, as sings anything at first sight.'

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